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MR. F. R. BENSON AS MARK ANTONY IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Many worthy citizens have noticed with pain that, despite a surplus of several millions, there is no reduction of the income-tax. They must begin to suspect that it will never fall below the forbidding figure of Eightpence, that the mild yoke of Sixpence will never be theirs again. John Bright used to say that the Minister who could not govern the country for an expenditure of seventy millions proclaimed his own incompetence. There are still people who talk about national retrenchment. Guileless souls! Mr. Bull's annual outlay has run up to a hundred millions, and there is not the smallest prospect that the eightpenny income-tax will ever swerve except in the direction of a shilling! Shall we have no manner of compensation, my brethren? I read the other day, in one of those confessionals where simple-minded readers of the other sex are instructed by experts in worldly wisdom, this touching inquiry: "When my husband, who is a journalist, pays income-tax, will he be entitled to be called Esquire?" I congratulate that journalist on his approaching introduction to the Inland Revenue Commissioners. He will find that their suavity of manners robs the Inquisition of half its terrors. They will rain upon him official papers in a delicate shade of yellow, and they will certainly soothe his aspiring soul by calling him Esquire. But if he be the man I take him for, he will not remain content with that. Esquire, forsooth! Shall we who bear the burden of Eightpence get nothing in return but this threadbare courtesy? Let us have stars and ribbons, orders of real merit, the merit which pays income-tax with promptitude and integrity!

One of the curiosities of the Budget is the decline of rum. I can remember the time when rum was prescribed as the infallible cure for a cold. It might split your head, but the demon of catarrh could not withstand it. Erstwhile I drank rum on this condition, and passed a week or so with a heart bowed down; but the cold was gone. True, it left bilious phantoms behind, but they were no witnesses against the infallible cure. Since then I have always had a lingering regard for rum. It is not displeasing in punch, and the *omelette au rhum* is a confection I can never resist. It comes to you wreathed in blue flames, like an amiable minion of the black art, ablaze with phosphorescent geniality. It is still the belief of many of our foreign critics that rum alone keeps the melancholy islander from suicide; certainly I have known the *omelette au rhum* to cheer the gloomiest bosom. Whisky, I learn from the Budget, has increased its popularity; but I look in vain for the statistics of paraffin as an inspiring liquid. A Scottish M.P. tells me that once, by mistake, he mixed paraffin with whisky, and gave the felicitous compound to a gillie, who said he preferred it to the purest dew of Ben Nevis. It had a grip which he had not noticed in the undiluted alcohol. Well, some day paraffin may figure gloriously in the Budget under the head of Excise.

The growing esteem of champagne is not surprising, though it may suggest undue modesty on the part of contributory liquids. Like a great river which is fed by subsidiary streams, champagne flows through the social system, bearing many a cargo of felicity on its effervescent bosom. But I protest against the revival of the fallacy that it is a remedy for sea-sickness. "A bumper of champagne on board, my boy, and you'll be as right as ninepence," is the mockery which has often been breathed into my ear by one of those robust voyagers who think sea-sickness is a malady of the imagination. I remember an awful passage in the Channel which I made, many years ago, in the company of Captain Boyton. We were fellow-voyagers in this sense, that while I was prostrate on the deck of a steamer which rolled broadside to a heavy swell, he was paddling on his back, cased in some wonderful waterproof suit of his own invention. We started from Folkestone, and set the gallant Boyton afloat off Cape Grisnez in the dead of night. I had altogether about twenty-seven hours of his society under these agreeable conditions, and still bear him no malice. Now and then I raised myself on one elbow, saw him paddling undisturbed on the crest of a wave, and then sank back into the nightmare of nausea. One awful question swelled the horror of the scene. It was Friday, and I wondered whether I should reach Folkestone again in time to telegraph a thrilling narrative of Captain Boyton's venture to a London paper for next day's issue. Was I fit to chronicle in stirring periods the infrequent glimpses I had of the hardy mariner's blistering nose, what time I rose on my elbow? Happily, Saturday had dawned before we went ashore, and the triumphant Boyton received my trembling felicitations.

I am coming to the champagne. Early in the voyage a stranger, who was enjoying himself with an obnoxious pipe, gazed upon my recumbent form, and said, "Imagination, my boy; nothing but imagination. A tumbler of champagne, and you'll be as right as—" "Not ninepence." I murmured feebly. "I know that modest sum, and it never agrees with me!" "Nonsense!" said he. "You drink this, and come with me on the upper deck. I have cured worse sailors than you, and they bless the day they met me!" I swallowed the liquor with a desperate effort, and staggered to the upper deck, where . . . well, I draw asterisks over the sequel. I am not one of the sailors who bless the day when they met that physician with the pipe and tumbler. From such of his language as I can recall, I fancy that blessings were remote from his vocabulary. No; champagne on the high seas makes the sea-sick voyager a fatalist. There is no absolute safeguard against the grisly fiend who grips you amidships till you yearn for a violent death; but you may outwit him with drugs. Dose yourself with bromide while still ashore. The sensation is rather like that of swallowing sea-water, but it is better than the revolt which surges from your inmost being against the tumbler of champagne when the vessel has begun her unholy dance, and even when she lies at her moorings, and fell anticipation broods upon your spirit. As for the hope that sea-sickness will be finally subdued by science, many thousand miles of ocean which make a restless see-saw in my memory rise in grim denial.

Here is my Lord Ronald Gower, who would cure us of another evil. He says the silk hat is an ominous relic of the French Revolution, and implores the Prince of Wales to strike a blow for legitimate monarchy by setting the fashion against it. Save Paris and London, there is no capital in Europe where man is the slave of the cylinder hat. Lord Ronald has made his protest in the biggest type of a morning paper; yet are we hatted as before. Nobody has taken up the cry. The hatters are not uneasy lest the Prince should confront society in a billycock, and lay waste all the silk hats of the season. Moreover, Lord Ronald has no constructive imagination; he does not tell us what ought to replace the cylinder. The sugar-loaf of the Revolution was a more graceful headgear, but it would scarcely accord with the modern frock-coat. Tailors must mend our ways, as well as hatters, if we are to return to the picturesque. But, after all, a radical change of fashion means a radical change of manners. The silk hat accords with our prosaic courtesies. The graces which harmonised with breeches and silk hose are not in keeping with sober trousers. Lord Ronald must begin with our manners, if he wants to effect a revolution in hats; and he must either revive the deportment which is now neglected even by dancing-masters, or invent and popularise a code of elegance with a hat to match.

In Germany there seems to be some trouble with the code of honour. The law against duelling is ignored by military etiquette, and the Sovereign who is always reading Europe lectures on religion and morals, illustrated by pictures in which he figures as an archangel, is directly responsible for a barbarous vendetta which has shocked a great many of his subjects. One officer has killed another in a duel, and certain amiable young hopefuls on both sides are disposed to carry on the feud of their fathers under the patronage of the archangel. It is a convention worthy of savages, but not exactly in harmony with the religion of which the Kaiser seriously takes himself as the incarnation. People used to fight duels in this country, till the general good sense denied the ordeal by battle as an illogical and ignoble method of settling private quarrels. To be shot by the man who has injured you is a grotesque way of redeeming your honour. It reduces justice to mere expertness with firearms. A sane man has a better use for his life than to expose it to the hazard of a bullet from the pistol of a ruffian. Oddly enough, you will sometimes hear people defend the practice of duelling on the ground that it was a bridle on the tongue of slander. Men were chary of casting aspersions on a reputation which might be promptly avenged by a sword-thrust; whereas now the law of libel deters no backbiter. People who hold this academic theory can never have troubled themselves to inquire whether society in England is more censorious than it was a hundred years ago. There is not the slightest reason to suppose any such thing. The great Backbite family are not a whit more vivacious than their ancestor, the illustrious Sir Benjamin, though he carried a sword, and was liable to be called upon to draw it at any moment as a consequence of his engaging epigrams.

## AS LIKE AS NOT.

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CARLSON: I've no doubt the owner is, too.



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SOLICITORS.—MESSRS. NOKES and STAMMERS 57, Basinghall Street, E.C.  
AUDITORS.—MESSRS. WOODTHORPE, BEVAN, and CO., Chartered Accountants,  
Leadenhall Buildings, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.  
SECRETARY.—F. J. SEARLE, Esq.

**HEAD OFFICE.**—No. 4, Sun Court, Cornhill, London, E.C.  
**LOCAL OFFICES.**—No. 1, Exchange Land Offices, Pirie Street, Adelaide.  
**THE BUNYIP GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, Coolgardie Goldfield,**  
Western Australia.  
**ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.**

This Company is formed to acquire and work Two Gold-Mining Leases, formerly numbered  
3131 and 2565, but now numbered 2045 and 2565, containing an area of 39 acres or thereabouts, and  
held subject to the usual terms of mining leases granted by the Government of Western Australia.  
The property, which is situated in the Northern portion of the Coolgardie Goldfield, Western  
Australia, has been reported upon by Mr. E. Davenport Cleland, M.A.I.M.E. (General Manager,  
Mount Burgess Gold-Mining Company, Limited); Dr. Charles Chewings, Ph.D., F.G.S., &c.;  
Captain W. Oats, M.E. (Manager of the Associated Gold-Mines of Western Australia, Limited);  
Mr. H. C. Dobbie, M.E., Kalgoorlie; and Mr. W. H. C. Lovely, M.A.I.M.E., M.I.M. and M.E., &c.,  
formerly General Manager of the Kalgurli Gold-Mines, Limited (the Sole Vendor to the  
Company).

Upon the reports and assays, complete copies of which, with a plan of the property, accompany  
this prospectus, the particulars and statements in this prospectus are based. The following  
extracts from the reports on this property will give an idea of the great value of the property, and  
also of the results which may be anticipated from the working of the mine—

Mr. E. DAVENPORT CLELAND, in his report dated Feb. 5, 1896, copy of which is enclosed,  
states—

"No 1 Shaft, centrally situated, has been sunk on the underlay of the reef to a depth of about  
60 ft. Near the surface the stone is slightly split up, but at and near bottom becomes more solid  
and compact, and has a thickness of quite 3 ft. A sample of reef taken from bottom and some  
way up the sides, and broken indiscriminately, gave an assay result of rather more than  
2 oz. 9 dwt. From the dump I took samples from large blocks of quartz in various places. An  
assay of this showed gold at rate of 10 oz. 3 dwt. 20 gr. per ton."

"From the various pits and trenches opened along the cropping of the reef I took samples.  
From those west of No. 2 Shaft results by assay were fine gold 5 oz. and 15 gr., coarse gold  
13 dwt. 14 gr., or a total of 5 oz. 14 dwt. 5 gr. gold per ton."

The following assays made by Messrs. R. N. Wells and Co., the well-known assayers at  
Kalgoorlie, from average samples taken in their presence from the places mentioned, will speak for  
themselves—

ASSAY RETURNS OF SAMPLES FROM THE BUNYIP MINE.									
Gold per Ton.					Gold per Ton.				
Oz. Dwt. Gr.					Oz. Dwt. Gr.				
Main shaft general sample ..	4	8	5	Outerop Wallaby Reef ..	7	1	14		
Check assays of above ..	5	14	8	Check assays of above ..	0	17	10		
Main shaft dump sample ..	5	19	19	Bottom of No. 1 Shaft ..	23	19	3		
Check assays of above ..	6	1	0	Sides of shaft, top to bottom ..	15	4	22		
Trench west side of main shaft ..	6	19	21	Dump ..	2	2	12		
Check assays of above ..	7	1	14	No. 2 Shaft and dump ..	24	12	4		
Trenches along outerop ..	1	14	0	Costeen near No. 1 Shaft ..	2	14	11		
Check assays of above ..	1	14	20	Footwall No. 1 Shaft ..	7	1	13		
No. 2 Shaft and dump ..	3	16	6	East and West trenches ..	10	6	18		
Check assays of above ..	3	17	18	Trenches large reef ..	2	0	7		

It will be noticed that, in Mr. Cleland's average estimate of 3 oz. 8 dwt. 21 gr. is included No. 2  
Reef, which is not so rich at present as No. 1 Reef, but the other experts base their average  
estimates of 5 oz. of gold per ton upon the ore in No. 1 Reef.

The originals of these reports and of the assay certificates may be inspected at the offices of the  
Company.

**THE BUNYIP GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, Coolgardie Goldfield,**  
Western Australia.

The purchase-price agreed to be paid to the Vendor of the property has been fixed at £120,000,  
payable as to £100,000 in fully-paid shares of this Company, and as to the balance of £20,000 in  
cash, thus leaving £30,000 available for working capital, which the Directors consider sufficient to  
fully develop and work the mines.

A contract has been entered into between the said W. H. C. Lovely of the one part, and Frank  
Weaver, for and on behalf of the Company, of the other part, dated April 13, 1896.

The Vendor, who is also the sole promoter, has undertaken to pay all the expenses of the  
formation and bringing out of the Company down to allotment, and he has reserved to himself the  
right to enter into, and has entered into, contracts and arrangements with third parties for this  
purpose and for payment to them out of the purchase-money. There are also other contracts and  
arrangements between the Vendor and parties interested in the property and purchase-money, to  
none of which the Company is a party. As these contracts and arrangements may technically be  
contracts within the meaning of Sec. 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, applicants for shares shall  
accept the above as notice thereof, and waive any fuller compliance with such section with  
reference thereto.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and of the above-mentioned contract,  
can be inspected until the first allotment of shares at the offices of the solicitors of the Company.

Applications for shares must be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Bank  
of Adelaide, 11, Leadenhall Street, E.C., one of the Company's bankers, together with a remittance  
for the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made the amount deposited on  
application will be returned without deduction, and where a less number of shares is allotted than  
that applied for the balance will be credited in reduction of the amount due on allotment.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and at the  
offices of the Company.

London, April 17, 1896.

**HOTEL ALBEMARLE, PICCADILLY, W.**  
PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

THE MOST SELECT HOTEL IN LONDON.  
CELEBRATED FOR ITS RECHERCHE CUISINE.  
RESTAURANT OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.  
DEJEUNERS ET DINERS AU PRIX FIXE OU A LA CARTE.  
SPECIAL ROOMS FOR PRIVATE DINNER-PARTIES OF NOT LESS THAN SIX PERSONS.  
Telephone No. 3808. A. L. VOGEL, Proprietor.

**LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.**

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British  
Isles."  
LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—  
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar,  
Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

Earl Houghton, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says:  
"At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole  
route, and when the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions  
to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.  
For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations  
on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway,  
Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to  
Kingsbridge, Dublin.  
R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LIV.—THE "DAILY COURIER" AND MR. EARL HODGSON.

An event imminent in the journalistic world is distinctly "interesting," for the coming bantling will be fathered by Sir George Newnes, who has given, in *Tit-Bits*, the *Strand Magazine*, &c., successful "hostages to fortune"; and the future giant will have his footsteps directed by

Mr. Earl Hodgson as editor, with Mr. L. F. Austin for coadjutor. Besides (writes a *Sketch* representative), the new periodical, as a daily illustrated morning newspaper, will find but one Richmond, the *Daily Graphic*, in the field, as I remarked to Mr. Earl Hodgson, a day or two ago, in Southampton Street.

"I should be glad if you would disabuse your mind of the idea that we are coming out in rivalry to any other morning paper. Without discrediting the many good qualities which distinguish our contemporaries, we yet feel that there is room for a newspaper such as we hope to produce in the *Daily Courier*, one which will embody, as we venture to think, many improvements on the morning dailies generally. Our idea is to publish a first-class

morning newspaper which, by its attractiveness of style and brightness of treatment of the news of the day, may be read with interest by women as well as by men. We propose, in short, to eliminate the ponderous element altogether, and we shall illustrate, but not to such an extent as to throw the news into the shade."

"In whose mind and how long has the project been hatching?" I inquired.

"Oh, it is no long-laid plot, by any means," Mr. Hodgson replied, with a smile. "It arose entirely from a casual conversation I had quite a short time ago with Sir George Newnes."

"With an illustrated paper, of course, the difficulty of rapid production is the great stumbling-block?"

"Precisely; and for that reason we shall rely mainly on 'line drawings,' and generally discard the system of reproduction from photographs. I do not pretend to understand the intricacies of process-work, but we have made arrangements with some of the best artists who do line work in the style of Mr. Phil May and Mr. Gould. We shall have every day a full-page cartoon dealing with some topical subject, whether political or otherwise; but it will be free of any bitterness of spirit, just as Mr. Tenniel's cartoons have been lately. It is possible to produce an agreeable picture without any obvious display of partisanship."

"Your reference to politics reminds me to ask you how you will treat Parliamentary news?"

"Well, we shall not illustrate those articles. The public are, I think, wearied of thumbnail sketches of prominent members of both Houses. As to our reports, they will be a combination of the descriptive and narrative style, with quotation occasionally of the *ipsissima verba* of the orator when exactness is desirable on the score of their importance, or to give greater actuality."

"Will you favour or discountenance the interview article, Mr. Hodgson?"

"Neither the one nor the other. We shall employ the interview, but only on special occasions, and then as a means to an end—that is, when we desire to get immediate and accurate information from a person who may have, perhaps, neither the time nor the inclination to write. Like some of the French morning journals, by the way, we shall have a serial narrative."

"What will be your minimum circulation, for it would be absurd, of course, to ask you what the actual circulation will amount to?"

"We shall begin by printing a quarter of a million copies. With the established channels of distribution possessed by this office,

we shall have no difficulty in disposing of that number of copies. We have set up special machinery of very fine construction, and capable of most rapid work. As a rule, the *Daily Courier* will consist of twenty-four pages, but it can be enlarged by four or eight pages up to forty."

"You have interested me so much that I am very anxious to see the *Daily Courier* to-morrow," I remarked, as I evaded the incursion of a number of proof-sheets.

## THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

The composer of the world-renowned song of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which has been sung by every celebrated artist, from Sarah Hobbs to Adelina Patti, has just died at Baltimore. Born in London in 1808, of a family which had been connected with the musical and literary world, Frederic Nicholls Crouch early evinced a decided musical talent. He entered as a student the Royal Academy of Music, then just established, and studied under Dr. Crotch, Attwood, Crivelli, Hawes, Lindley, and Pistrucci. He afterwards joined Drury Lane orchestra under Tom Cooke. He became musical critic of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, edited by Captain Marryat, and contributed to by most of the celebrated *literati* of the day, among whom was Mrs. Crawford, who wrote for it "Kathleen Mavourneen." The origin of his famous song may be given in his own words—

The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music. Leaving London as traveller to Chapman and Co., while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth, I wrote out a fair copy of the song, and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her and others who heard it that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honour. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning, and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a hoarding opposite my window a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type: "F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert, 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' for one night only!" Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorised announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But, despite my reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause. On returning to London I entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine, in Soho Square, as preceptor, and "Kathleen Mavourneen" and other songs—"Dermot Astore," "Their Marriage," "Death of Dermot"—were published by that firm. These songs have been sung and appropriated by all the leading cantatrices, from Caradori, Hobbs, Hawes, Hayes, Stevens (the Countess of Essex), Malibran, Titiens, and Adelina Patti. The series of songs has been published by thirty different music stores in America, each one making heaps of money. But not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer!

In 1849 Crouch emigrated to America, where he was the first to produce Rossini's "Stabat Mater," together with other modern compositions, as also the best English glees and madrigals. When the war broke out he joined the Confederate Army, and served up to General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. After this, he was obliged to enter the service of a Mr. Tom Perkins, as gardener and musical instructor to his daughters! He afterwards lived in Richmond, writing for *Southern Opinion*. Here he married a Southern lady, and then settled in Baltimore.

A grand complimentary concert was given in honour of his celebrating the eightieth year of his age, at which he sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and other of his songs. In a local journal he was described as

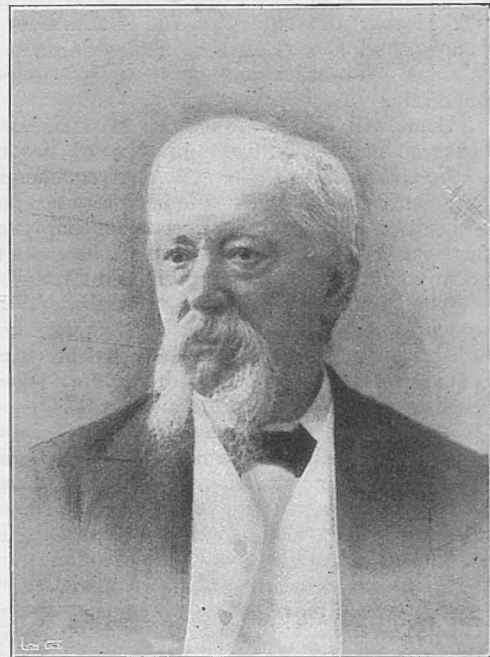
... hale and hearty, a delightful companion, and a man of keen perceptions. His resonant voice retains much of the pathos and charm of olden times, and his playing is remarkable for an octogenarian. Professor Crouch is an Englishman of the old school, and his famous songs, to a very large degree treating of Irish subjects, show how strong are his manly sympathies for a wronged race. He has listened to Tom Moore's mellifluous voice, and enjoyed the rare company of Lever, his successor as Bard of Erin.



MR. EARL HODGSON.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. L. F. AUSTIN.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."



## ROUND THE THEATRES.

After the busy Easter-time one is tempted to look back and ask the value of the five novelties of the week. "The Star of India" is noteworthy for two things—the character of Oriana and its acting, and the amount of gunpowder and noise. For the former I am grateful. We are still waiting for Mr. G. R. Sims to write the real drama of the people, the sincere picture of the masses that he knows so well, and Oriana is a pleasant instalment. Miss Sydney Fairbrother presents with amazing truth the little half-grown foundling maid-of-all-work, and laughter has no intermission when she is on the stage. To see her repays a visit to the Princess's Theatre, even if one has to take cotton-wool and stuff it in the ears during the fourth act. The Manipur scenes, too, are decidedly effective. In other respects "The Star of India" is a play of but moderate merit, and will add nothing to Mr. Sims's reputation.

One of my liveliest recollections is of Mr. Robert Pateman in a melodrama at the Oxford Street theatre—a play where, too, I first saw Mr. Charles Dalton, and saw in him hopes of higher things. I trust that I may live long enough to forget the horrible power of Mr. Pateman's struggles against being thrown into a furnace—if I thought so, I would drop my life insurance. In "The Star of India" he had not a very good part, but it was pleasant to see how picturesque and strong he made Aleem Khan; his prayer for vengeance really staggered the house by its ferocity. Miss Hettie Chattell seemed to me one of the prettiest, pleasantest, and least affected of *ingénues* seen lately. As first villain Mr. George Young did work of excellent character, and there was something decidedly jolly in the Irish soldier "bhoys" of Mr. Charles Kenney. Miss Agnes Hewitt was picturesque in her part of a passionate Mexican.

The Oriana of Miss Fairbrother remains the one bright feature of "The Star of India." Our stage is rich in low-comedy chambermaids. There is Miss Annie Goward, whose admirable work in "Our Flat" comes to mind when thinking of the hit she has made in "A Mother of Three." The Belinda of Miss Cicely Richards is famous, and she is at the manager's call; and there is Miss Julia Warden, who, in luckless matinees, has shown a surprising gift in the same line.

Some will add to the number Miss Freear, and, so far as success is concerned, correctly, for the feature of Eastertide has been the triumph of the comic slavey. So many have commended her that my conscience pricks me, and I wonder whether prejudice has caused me to be unjust. I must apologise to Miss Freear for implying that she suffers from a physical disadvantage. She is small, but, as I have since learned, she is in no way deformed, and I regret if Miss Freear has been hurt by the remark.

The further one gets from "The Sin of St. Mulda" the less seems the reason for having spoken harshly. It may be granted that one should fight against the religious drama—not because it is religious, but because it is almost certain to be bad drama, for it must be written partially, and to please the public prejudice; yet one remembers some striking situations and also very pretty pictures. Moreover, Mr. Ogilvie has it to his credit that his aim has been sincere and dignified, and in his work there is not the vulgar pandering to the public's taste for legs and busts that marks the other so-called religious play of the moment. I believe that Mr. Ogilvie is really a writer of substantial ability, who, if he would abandon verse, might give us a play of value.

People have scoffed at Mr. Jerome's letter concerning his responsibility for "Bianitz"; however, I think that those "behind the scenes" will attach importance to what he says. Certainly he and Mr. "Adrian Ross" are far too clever to have been guilty of all the stupidities in the piece, and it is only fair to believe that someone in authority has made inept efforts to improve their work. It is already on record that sometimes a piece of merit has been "rehearsed" into mere rubbish, and we know authors have withdrawn their names from their mutilated offspring.

The Shakespeare Memorial Week is being celebrated at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, where the energetic Mr. Mulholland has engaged Mr. Ben Greet's company, including Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Dorothy Dene. "Hamlet" will be produced to-night, while to-morrow (Shakespeare's birthday) there will be an exceedingly attractive matinee, made up of the second act of "Romeo and Juliet," the finest scenes of "As You Like It" (Miss Dorothy Dene appearing as Rosalind), and a scene from "Hamlet." To-morrow and Friday nights "Romeo and Juliet" will be given.

"The New Barnard," now running at the Avenue Theatre, reached her 281st performance at the Parkhurst Theatre on Monday.

"A Woman with a Future," by Mrs. Andrew Dean (A. and C. Black), is a clever and brightly written story. A gentleman with £1000 a-year and a scheme for a great historical work meets a young lady in Switzerland, and makes her his wife. The marriage turns out very badly; the lady is frivolous and extravagant to the last degree. She does not believe in her husband's work, because it yields no immediate pecuniary result, and she begins to accept presents from a millionaire named Mr. Cassel. The husband goes to Berlin to pursue his studies for some months, and his wife refuses to accompany him, and the end of it all is what everyone might fancy. The characters are all of a very familiar type, and the road lies straight before the reader from the beginning to the end. But Mrs. Sidgwick is a bright, shrewd, and cultivated writer, and her book will be read with amusement. There is no particular moral, however, except that literary men ought to select their wives with some care.

## A TALK WITH A GREAT ENGRAVER.

Timothy Cole, the American engraver! Who, loving pictures, and having a special love for wood-engraving, has not heard of the name? The man himself is here (a *Sketch* interviewer writes), and I have been spending half-an-hour with him.

"Some people," he said, "seem to think I am Irish by birth, and, indeed, I have seen as much in print somewhere. The fact is that I was born in your own Camberwell—Camberwell, which I left with my people for America when I was a mere child."

"And now—why have you come back now? To engrave the English masters?"

"Exactly; to do a series of them for the *Century*. You'll find me at the National Gallery every day, and there they have been very good in allowing me facilities for my work. They couldn't have done more for me if I had been—well, no matter who I had been."

Then he showed me an engraving on the block which he had almost completed of Hogarth's fine picture, "The Shrimp Girl." He praised the picture to the skies, and I admired the fine engraving which did so much justice to it. "A dainty, airy thing," he declared about this Hogarth; "and one's eye can never tire of its tripping vivacity, and the spontaneous and delicate touch which distinguishes it." Then he spoke of the time it may take him to engrave the series of English masters—masters to be selected from other collections as well as that in the National Gallery.

"I estimate that it will take me about three years," his words were, "so that I shall have the opportunity of seeing a good deal of England. Italy I got to know thoroughly well while doing the Italian masters, and the engraving of the Dutch masters also gave me a knowledge of Holland."

"Your life has, of course, been largely spent in America. Your work belongs to us all, but primarily to America?"

"I had served two years' apprenticeship to wood-engraving in Chicago—1868 to 1870—when the great fire occurred there, and my master was burned out. I went to New York after this, and, strangely enough, I have never been back in Chicago. I was invited to go there during the Exhibition, but did not go, although I sent a paper on engraving to be read in connection with one of the Exhibition Congresses."

"Mostly you have been your own master in the art of engraving?"

"Well, I just endeavoured to learn all I could from any quarter, and I was an especially close student of Linton's work. An engraver, like an artist—like anybody doing anything—is never too old to learn and to improve. He has just to stick to his block and peg away. I suppose I work on an average ten hours a-day, and I know artists in Paris who put in fully that time at their easels."

"You have been a good deal in Paris—do you like it?"

"Very much. My family have been staying there for some time, and I think that Paris has many attractive elements. The outdoor life of the French capital seems to me so bright; but, of course, you have not the same crowd and weight of life as London can show. In Italy there was none of the bustle and throng which you know here—which belongs to more northern peoples. It felt Sunday all the time—it even felt that in Rome, not in the smaller cities only."

Nobody who knows about wood-engraving—the old school and the new, and all the rest of it—needs to be told that Mr. Cole has practically created the system of engraving from the original, and a great legacy to art that surely is. He pursued this honour when I mentioned the matter, saying any notable departure in any sphere of work was always the outcome of various men's efforts; but the thing is written in the history of wood-engraving. He illustrated his system to me in a few words. First, he has a photograph of a picture done on wood; with the block he goes to the original picture, and, sitting before it, makes the engraving.

"Anybody can see," he explained, "that a photograph of a picture must be a deterioration on the original. Now the advantage of engraving from the original is that you put in all that may have been missed out, and put out all that is extraneous—which is due to the photo alone—in a word, that you make the engraving as faithful a translation of the original as possible."

"The man who engraves from the original is in a position to give the whole life of a picture, using his shadings as, so to speak, colour?"

"Exactly." As to the future of wood-engraving, he expressed the highest hopes, and, indeed, the impetus which he himself has given to the art should be felt for long.

Only one other word with reference to this wandering little talk, and that on the photograph here given of Timothy Cole. It has a double interest, in that it was taken by Mr. Stillman, the well-known Rome Correspondent of the *Times*, who is an accomplished amateur photographer. This was when engraver and correspondent, who are old friends, met last summer in the Italian capital.



MR. TIMOTHY COLE.



THE CYCLING CRAZE: LONDON AND NEW YORK.



IN HYDE PARK.

*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."*



ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.

*Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."*



## SMALL TALK.

The most interesting feature of the Queen's stay at Nice during the week was the visit to her Majesty of the King of Sweden. The Prince of Sweden arrived at Charing Cross from Berlin on Thursday.

The Empress Eugénie visited the Dowager Empress of Russia at Monte Carlo on Thursday.

The Duke of York will not, it is said, go to Moscow for the Coronation of the Czar.

The latest and youngest of royal brides, Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg, shares with her sisters the distinction of being among the prettiest and most accomplished of the Queen's granddaughters. Although all the Duke of Edinburgh's children owed their education to English and German tutors and governesses, his four daughters have inherited from their mother a strong Russian strain, and with it that curious charm of manner inherent to the syrens of the North.

Princess Alexandra is devoted to the sea, and her trousseau includes many smart yachting-frocks built in England. She also shares her father's musical gifts, and is an excellent accompanist. The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg is, from a Continental point of view, an admirable mother. Each of her three elder daughters' marriages was arranged the moment the princely damsel entered her teens; but it is but fair to say that the royal matchmaker takes the greatest pains to ascertain the private life and character of any would-be son-in-law. It seems not unlikely that the bride's greatest friend and cousin, Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen, will shortly be engaged. She will ultimately be one of the wealthiest women in the world.

It is a mistake to suppose that French duellists always have a pleasant time of it. The comedy not unfrequently turns into a tragedy, and there is scarce a noted *boulevardier* who has not spent a bad quarter of an hour while "on the ground." The Prince de Sagan may be said to be the Henri Rochefort of the aristocratic world. He has long been the real leader of Paris society, and is one of the few who may be really said to set masculine fashions. The Prince knows all the world, from the Prince of Wales, who has often made him his cicerone when taking a little rest in Paris, to the most lately risen star of the operatic firmament. His collection of photographs is unique, and includes a charming portrait of Lady Randolph Churchill in a brigand's dress, a photograph taken when she was still the lovely Jenny Jerome. Since the Franco-Prussian War, in which he took an active part, the Prince has given up not a little of his time to the French Steeplechase Society, and he it was who succeeded, in spite of considerable opposition, in establishing premiums for breeders of horses. M. le Prince bears an almost absurd resemblance to Mr. Baneroff; he is devoted to the theatre, and it is an open secret that this is the third or fourth time he has been more or less broadly caricatured on the French stage.

The Princess de Sagan is, in her way, quite as remarkable a personality as is her husband. She was the daughter of the famous Baron Scillière, one of the pillars of Imperial finance. The wedding was the great social event of the year 1858, and to her the Empress Eugénie always showed a very sincere and loyal affection. After a short span of married life the Prince and Princess separated *à l'amiable*, and the lady soon proved that she also was born to be a leader of society. Her house is one of the finest in Paris, and the great reception-rooms recall Versailles. She not unfrequently gives a fête in honour of some royalty *de passage*, and the party given to the Dowager Duchess of Aosta (Princess Letitia Bonaparte) recalled, by its magnificence, the Tuileries entertainments. By the way, it was owing to the Princess de Sagan's initiative that it first became the fashion for Parisian hostesses to provide costly and elaborate cotillon accessories for their guests;

sometimes as much as a thousand pounds has been spent over the pretty trifles which serve as trophies to those fortunate enough to be bidden to a smart Parisian dance.

The agreeable habit of showering diamonds on favourite actresses grows apace. Madame Nordica is to be presented next week with a tiara which has cost a thousand pounds by her New York admirers, and the Prince of Bulgaria gave Mdle. Reichenberg a similar ornament the other day at a Court breakfast at Sofia.

A good many of those on their way home from the Riviera—deterred from facing our Siberian April weather—are making temporary headquarters in Paris, where among many standard gaieties the Concours Hippique offers extra excitement at the moment. Lovely ladies in transcendent millinery have thronged the Palais de l'Industrie for many days past, applauding the gallant efforts of their various competing friends. The Marquise de Broe, one of those present the other day, wore a pale-green chiné silk, her hat crowned with roses in every shade of pink and crimson. Comtesse de Polignac, another leader of form, appeared in an openwork costume of grass-lawn over rose silk, and a dainty bonnet made of blue and green tulle with hovering dragon-flies in similar iridescent colouring. By the way, some excitement was caused when a smart young Lieutenant of Cuirassiers, who rode in the Prix de Circonscription parade, fell from his horse, being suddenly attacked with dizziness. He was kicked in the head, but it proved nothing serious. Sir David Salomons, Lord and Lady Reay, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pennant were among many English visitors during the week.

With reference to the recent much-discussed visit to Paris of the German Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, I take some interesting and little-known details concerning his family from a rare old history of Germany, published in 1518, that lies before me. The house of Hohenlohe arises from high antiquity, probably from Pannonia (Hungary) and apocryphally from the ancient Romans. Its earliest scions of great name were Conrad of Worms and his kinsman, Theodoric. On the father's side Conrad was descended from a Duke of Swabia, and from Theodoric sprang the Countess Adelaide, who married Hermann of Franconia. After the first Count of Hohenlohe, also called Hermann (*circa* 1030-1100), there were numerous Siegfrieds, Erhards, and Eberhards; and from the second Erhard no fewer than 355 Counts of Hohenlohe had reigned in their own right by the year 1518, when their pedigree was published. In

fact, their genealogical tree vies in length and ramifications with those of the illustrious houses of Habsburg and Brandenburg. The Hohenlohes have, on the spindle side, given one Caesar to the Holy Roman Empire, Conrad II., who was elected Emperor in 1025, at the early age of fifteen, and they intermarried with Habsburgs, Nassaus, and Wurtemburgs.

I regret to hear of the death of Mr. A. C. Blunt, better known as Mr. Arthur Cecil, who has been seriously ill almost since his last appearance in public at the Court, in "Vanity Fair." In his earlier days he was a prominent member of Messrs. German Reed's Entertainment in its most palmy days, and created, with immense success, a round of parts in many little comedies that have become almost household words, including the world-famed "Box and Cox." But his name will live longest in the theatrical world by his successful management of the Court with Mr. John Clayton, where he produced so many of Mr. Pinero's farces, to wit, "Dandy Dick," "The Magistrate," "The Cabinet Minister," and others, in the last-named of which he undoubtedly achieved one of his greatest successes. Besides being a most brilliant actor, he was an excellent musician, and had published several songs which have been heard at the Monday "Pops." It would be difficult to conceive a more courteous and affable gentleman, and his genial company will be missed by a very large circle of friends, as well as by the playgoing public at large.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG.  
From a Painting by Arthur L. Bambridge.



I have received a long letter from a correspondent apropos of the interview recently printed in these pages with a missionary on the Congo. I can't print it all, but the gist of it is this—

No attention need be paid to the official contradictions of the missionary's statements which are sure to appear. I have had experience of the Bashi-Bazouks in 1876 and 1877, and I say that their outrages are insignificant by the side of those which occur daily in the Congo State. The talk of civilisation is nonsense. Why, not a single road has even yet been begun in this territory, thirty-eight times the size of France. Inexperienced subalterns wield absolute power, and the whole object of the administration is to get ivory and rubber from the natives. At every station I visited, except one, there was a daily parade for the flogging of soldiers, natives, men, women, and children, who would each receive twenty-five to two hundred lashes of the terrible *chicot*. At Niangara a native was hanged by Commandant Franqui on a charge of having offered to buy a cartridge from a soldier. The native had no firearm at all, and did not understand the "evidence." The soldier's corporal told me that the soldier invented the story to curry favour with the chief. The real state of the country is concealed from the Belgian people, but is known to the King, who personally examines each agent's monthly return of ivory and rubber. But the natives are turning on their oppressors, and have lately killed and eaten a large number of white agents. I cannot accept the missionary's statements of the progress of Christianity among the natives. He says that in one station alone a thousand converts were made in a week. There is no station where a thousand natives would be allowed to wait on a missionary in a week for any purpose. No missionary, outside the Catholic missions, is allowed to count among his converts more than a few bought adults, and half-a-dozen children, too small to be employed by the State as carriers—that is, below seven years of age. Moreover, the natives have no words in which the elementary conceptions of Christianity can be conveyed to them. I assert without hesitation that these missionaries could not produce a single convert who would not willingly be converted every day to a new faith for a new blanket. The Catholic missionaries begin by teaching the natives French and useful handicrafts, and they do eventually retain a certain number of converts in their faith.

Miss Muriel Elliot is probably the most brilliant English girl pianist of her age. She is still a minor, and yet three years ago the *Standard* declared she deserved a very high, if not foremost, position among the pianists of the season. She was in the nature of an infant prodigy, but it was wisely determined that she should not pose before the public in that capacity. When only seven years old she began to study with Miss Alice Clinton, who was so struck by her talent that she and her brother-in-law, the late Olaf Svendsen, then professor at the R.A.M., decided to adopt the child, who was an orphan. She was to have made her début in 1888. Svendsen's death prevented this, and then severe illness for three years stopped her studies. Subsequently she became a pupil of Herr Stavenhagen, and in 1891 made her début at



MISS MURIEL ELLIOT.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Weimar under the bâton of Richard Strauss. Both in Germany and England her playing has delighted not only the general public, but also connoisseurs. To do honour to his remarkable pupil, Herr Stavenhagen appears this season as conductor, at St. James's Hall, of her orchestral concert, an honour done by him to no one else. The young lady has been so fortunate as to please the critics not merely by the quality of her technique, but by the rarer qualities of feeling and refinement, and has

been successful not only in her interpretation of Bach, but also in her rendering of the more sentimental Chopin, and it would be difficult to name a pianist—English or foreign—of greater promise.

In an impossible story of modern Oxford, called "Une Culotte," the author—or authoress—introduces a certain Miss Susy Gainsborough, who is the leading burlesque actress at the Folly Theatre, and has even a



MISS ROSIE LEYTON.

Photo by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

special notoriety for her boy parts. Miss Susy explains: "Well, dear, I may look charming, but I know I don't look a bit like a boy, and I don't try—none of us do. . . . I'm always Susy Gainsborough, and nothing else, in all my parts. . . . there's not an actress on the stage who can make up as a boy." Miss Susy may have been right in her recent, or even present, day and generation; *mais nous avons changé tout cela*. There are actresses who can, and who do, try to make up as a boy, and some of them succeed admirably. Take the case of Miss Clara Jecks in "Gentleman Joe"; she was almost a perfect illusion.

The reference to "Gentleman Joe" brings to my mind the saucy Emma of Miss Kitty Loftus, and that young lady recalls her sister, Miss Rosie Loftus Leyton, who figures as William Grow in "A Trip to China Town." She is very like a bright, mischievous boy, but she suggests, delicately, just a *souçon* of possible young lady, gay, vivacious, coquettish, and always charming, and the combination is delicious. She means to be wholly boy, but the feminine *espièglerie* will just peep through, if it be against her own wilful will. Miss Leyton does not quite attain to the austere self-repression of Miss Jecks. The New Woman has pretty well had her day, and is happily subsiding; but it is pleasant to see the pretty rise of a New Boy. It is said of Trilby, "one felt instinctively that it was a real pity she wasn't a boy: she would have been such a jolly one." This sentence applies also to Miss Leyton; but, though she is a boy upon the stage, she remains, I believe, a young lady in the boudoir and elsewhere.

The Sabbatarians have not accepted their defeat. They have the crazy notion that by petitioning Lord Salisbury they can upset the recent resolution of the House of Commons, on the ground that the majority did not consider the evils that would flow from the opening of public museums and picture-galleries on the first day of the week. You can never drive sense into the head of the born fool, and the members of that imbecile body, the Lord's Day Observance Society, cannot be made to understand that they have not the smallest chance of reversing the decision of Parliament. Another grief has overtaken them, for the municipal authorities at Glasgow, of all places, have actually ordered the opening of the public baths for several hours on Sunday. The idea that any man should be so irreligious as to bathe on the Sabbath is peculiarly shocking to your true Sabbatarian, who believes that soap and water on Sunday are the instruments of the devil.



One fine day last week I found myself in a quandary. I had half-a-dozen letters, all very important, and three or four articles, each very urgent, to complete during the course of the morning, and could not make up my mind where to begin. Finding the strain of thought too much for me, I decided that I would leave everything to look after itself. Now the art of doing nothing is one that takes time and trouble to acquire, and I was just feeling very bored when a friend came to see me. I explained to him the condition of things. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said he; "consider her ways—" I interrupted him, and said I would go if he would come with me. So together we departed to the Crystal Palace Ant-House, brimful of enthusiasm. We spent nearly a couple of hours in the place, straining our united powers of observation to a point worthy of a professional entomologist. "And the verdict was," as the sapient T. E. Dunville observes—simply and unreservedly that King Solomon has very much overrated ants, and that, although I considered their ways, I gathered little or no wisdom therefrom. They are creatures of moderate intellect, and the type of the British Workman is unknown among them. They have no symptoms of an eight-hours day, don't smoke or take any amusement, support a queen in idleness, and, if there is nothing better to do, will rush around in circles to make observers think they are busy.

There is a big nest of the hill ant (*formica rufa*) in the middle of the apartment, and my own opinion is that the proceedings in vogue there would have disgraced the Metropolitan Board of Works. The nest is made of pine-needles, and has been there for a couple of years. It is surrounded by a moat filled with water, and when the ants have nothing better to do they fall in and drown themselves. Thereupon survivors carry them to a cemetery outside the encampment. I looked at this burial-place through a strong glass, and was very displeased with the sanitary arrangements. There are no coffins in use among the ants, and no tombstones. The corpses are thrown down anyhow, and the statesman and malefactor may lie side by side and decay in company. Some ants had gone to a pile of honey and eaten themselves to death, and others were strolling about the aforesaid graveyard like so many out-of-work ghouls. When they saw that we were considering them carefully, with a view to upholding or condemning the esteem in which they are held, a lot of them took up pine-needles and began to stagger about with them. But I declined to be imposed upon by such shallow devices. I waited and saw that they were trying to fool us, that they had no destination for the needles, and put them down when they thought we weren't looking. Finally, I returned to my normal condition of laziness with a pleasant conviction that, with all respect to King Solomon, I would much rather be a sluggard than an ant.

An ugly rumour went round the town last week to the effect that a police constable had been detected taking the muzzles off some dogs preparatory to taking them stationwards as refugees. Cases are constantly brought to my notice of the way in which certain over-zealous protectors of the public peace pounce on dogs standing within the garden gates of their owners, and doubtless the recent absurd muzzling order has permitted zeal to outrun discretion in many ways. A clever and apparently reasonable scheme for the identification of lost dogs has been sent to me by Miss Ethel Lega-Weekes. She suggests that every dog should be registered under a certain number at the local police-station or post-office and receive a medal stamped with a corresponding number and date. This medal could be renewed annually, and serve as a receipt for dog-tax payment. When a policeman found a stray dog, the number on its medal could be compared with that in the district office register, where the address of the owner would be found. A slight fine might be imposed to pay for the trouble, while the plan would specially appeal to such dog-owners as object to their address being on their pets' collars, because of the temptation to dog-stealers on the look-out for a reward.

When a manager takes his company to Birmingham for a matinée and appears in town for the evening performance on the same day, the puff-paragraph flies around on the wings of greased lightning; but there were brave men before Agamemnon, and there will be enterprising ones after Beerholm Tree. A few nights ago I was paying a short business visit to my earthly Paradise—that is, the stage of the Empire—and, in the intervals of his work, that clever comedian and dancer, Will Bishop, came up to chat with me. I noticed that he was looking very tired, and told him so. "Well," he said, "I'm rather busy. I get up every morning at six o'clock, and go to Birmingham to rehearse the dancers in Mr. George Edwardes' new play, 'The Clergyman's Daughter,' which will be produced on Monday next. When rehearsals are over, I catch the four o'clock train back to London, and, of course, I'm here from half-past seven till about midnight." Then he was summoned to go through his amusing combination dance, in the course of which he showed no symptom of fatigue, and even accepted the encore forced upon him by the admiring audience. Truly, no man knows what he can do until he tries. I heartily congratulate Mr. Will Bishop upon a notable achievement.

Down East the cheap Sunday marriages among the Poles are popular to an incredible extent. The ceremonies are wonderfully quaint, and were recently described to me by a spectator. He went into such elaborate details of the wedding attire of the poor bride that I asked him how a girl earning a few shillings a-week could afford such luxuries? The reply was startling. "They cannot and do not afford them," he

said; "bridal-dress, veil, artificial flowers, and the rest, are all hired. This is simply an extension and development of the loans of dress-clothes and overcoats common to the secondhand clothes trade. Down in the East-End an elaborate dress will see service on a different wearer several days in the week and every week in the year. As its charms and freshness fade, and as the changes of fashion make it out of date, the cost of hire diminishes, until at last only a few brides will wear it. Some slight alterations can be made by successive wearers without any damage to the material, and it is wonderful to find how many different forms and figures can be suited by the same dress. I once attended one of these Polish weddings, and congratulated the bride's sister on the wedding-dress. 'Yes, it is charming,' she replied naively; 'I'm going to wear it myself when I get married, in three weeks from to-day.'"

At this season of the year a morning in Hyde Park is very well spent. I went to see the lady bicyclists a few days ago, and found the place in all its prime. Just as I entered through Park Lane—a humble, penniless, penny-a-lining pedestrian—I looked up and saw Mr. Alfred de Rothschild riding by, looking wonderfully well. The obsequious park-keepers and policemen were waiting to salute him; some sharp horse-dealer, driving two magnificent horses, followed him as though by accident, in hopes that his wares would find favour in the eyes of the millionaire. This is but one of the humours of the Park; there are very many to reward a careful observer. The most striking sight I saw on that particular morning was a one-legged bicyclist, with a machine built to suit his mutilated state. From the happy way in which he went along, it was clear that he did not let his misfortune trouble him; and, from the small attention he received from a large and idle crowd, it was also evident that what was unusual about his appearance was noticeable only to the few.

One of the most enjoyable affairs I have been at for a long time was the Bohemian Concert, arranged by Messrs. Templar Saxe and E. J. Wood, in St. Martin's Hall last Monday evening. I was sorry I did not hear the whole of it, but a programme of fifty-one items is rather a long one for a busy man to sit through. But what I did hear was, as Sam Weller used to say, "all werry capital." Mdlla. Marie Elba sang two delightful Swedish songs; Miss Decima Moore, more charming than ever after the honeymoon, a pretty plantation melody; Miss May Pinney, Hope Temple's "There are none like to thee" (why will song-writers be ungrammatical?); and that inimitable soubrette, Miss Kate James, her "Slavey" song. Mr. Frederick Upton discoursed on "Gardening," Mr. W. G. Churcher on "The Youthful Mind," and Mr. Robert Ganthony on the wonders of panorama. The promoters of the concert came in for a good share of the applause, Mr. Templar Saxe having to respond to a hearty encore. Mr. E. J. Wood was very amusing in "The Burglar's Serenade." To emphasise the Bohemian nature of the entertainment, smoking was permitted; but why was the humble briar taboo? "For the sake of the ladies," said the "perfumed" programme. Do the ladies care so much?

Once again the charming "Steinway Saturdays" are proving the increasing power of Mr. Clifford Harrison to attract audiences to his delightful recitals. The pleasant hall in Lower Seymour Street holds every Saturday afternoon the usual select "congregation of the faithful," who are rested, amused, and refreshed by the lovely music and fine elocution of Mr. Harrison. His programmes are so wonderfully varied that one is certain to be introduced each time to some fresh selections drawn from the "well of English." And Mr. Harrison's literary powers as a poet and author always ensure the discrimination of a true scholar. His humorous pieces are also always amusing, which cannot be said for most recitations purporting to be so.

It will carry back the mind of some of us a very long way when we read the announcement that the original of Sir John Millais' "Cherry Ripe" has just been married. Those who possess the picture, which appeared as a Christmas Number illustration to the *Graphic* of 1880, or who have since acquired the etching from the same original, will always think of "Cherry Ripe" as a very little girl. Mr. W. L. Thomas, the managing director and founder of the *Graphic*, was responsible for Sir John Millais' picture. His niece, Miss Edith Ramage, was a granddaughter of George Thomas, the artist who was for so many years associated with the *Illustrated London News*, and who provided that journal with many of its most interesting naval and military scenes during the Crimean War.

It was at a children's fancy-dress ball at the house of Mr. W. L. Thomas that he was impressed with the pictorial value of his niece's peculiar beauty. Edith Ramage and Mr. Thomas's boy—who was dressed as a man-cook—made such a pretty picture together, that he carried them off the next morning in their costumes to Sir John Millais, who was delighted at the appearance of the quaint little couple, as they marched, hand-in-hand, into his studio. He arranged to paint the two, the girl to be seated on the stairs, and the cook to be waiting on her and offering her some fruit. He began with "Cherry Ripe," and made such a success with the sweet little face that he decided to let well alone. That was many years ago, and on Saturday last Miss Edith Ramage was married at Richmond to Mr. Francisco de Paula Ossorio. Many thousands of people all over the world who have seen "Cherry Ripe" will, I am sure, wish its original every happiness in her new life.





MISS EDITH RAMAGE, THE ORIGINAL OF THE "CHERRY RIPE" OF SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.



I spent my Easter Holidays in the South-West of Ireland, and I frankly confess that it was as much of a revelation to me as if I had gone an additional thousand miles. At a place called Parknasilla, for example, some thirty miles beyond Killarney, I found roses in full bloom over-

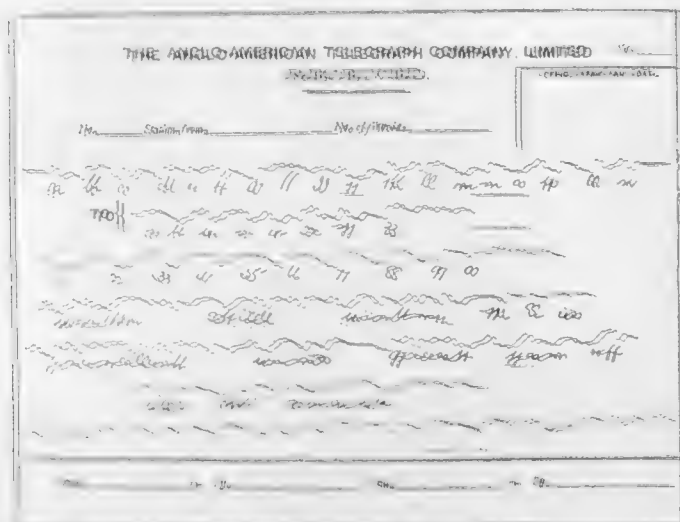
hanging the houses, and as magnificent a show of rhododendrons in flower as could possibly be seen many weeks later in a more northerly clime. Still further to the west, at Dureen, where the Marquis of Lansdowne has an estate, and where Mr. Froude wrote his "Two Chiefs of Dunboy," I found a yet more tropical

vegetation—aere upon aere of palm-trees, of indiarubber-plants, and the like. I do not believe a thousand knows that such a vegetation is to be found within the British Isles. In a bay near Dureen there were some fifty or sixty tame seals floating around the boat.

This, after all, is but a small element in the novelty of a visit to County Kerry. Travelling, for example, on an Irish car in the direction of Valencia Island, I met a funeral procession about a mile in length, and it had all the elements of an old-world experience. The coffin was mounted on a cart, and upon the coffin were sitting three or four very old women, and from them and from successive cars one heard the peculiar wail known as the "keon," which I had thought existed for our day only in stories and plays of Irish life, and which, indeed, many people who have lived all their lives in Ireland have assured me they have never heard. Car after car of mourners passed along in succession, and hundreds of people on foot, one man leading the house of the deceased. Where so many people could have come from in this quiet valley it is not easy to say. But the principal thing was that curious wail, relic of Celtic times, which gave one a peculiar sense of remoteness from the present.

Some two hours afterwards I seemed to be living in the future rather than in the past, for I was accepting the courtesies of the clerk in charge of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company on Valencia Island. It will be remembered that this is one end of the cable which communicates with Nova Scotia. By touching for a moment one or two springs, the operator in Nova Scotia was informed that there were visitors at hand, and was asked for information as to the state of the weather—the one question which is supposed to appeal to an Englishman. The reply, as it came to me almost instantly, I give below, with a key to the cipher which is used for the Atlantic cable. "Six Thousand Miles in Five Minutes" might be the title of an article on the subject, were not the Atlantic cable now an institution about which we are all supposed to know everything.

One thing which particularly struck me in my Irish visit was the extent to which the lottery system obtains throughout the country. Generally, however, the thing is covered in the name of charity, as, for example, with the above ticket for the parish church of Cahendaniel, which was the church of the Great Liberator. Liberator, by the way, still in Ireland suggests Daniel O'Connell—in this country it is usually now associated with Faber Balfour. Close to Cahendaniel, where they are rebuilding the church, is Danyenne Abbey, the house



in which he lived for many years. It is now occupied by a grandson of the Liberator—another Daniel O'Connell—and he is glad to show to the passing visitor a hundred relics of his famous grandfather. There, for example, is the very pistol with which O'Connell shot Dr. Esmonde, and there, also, are admirable paintings of many of O'Connell's distinguished ancestors and descendants.

The use of slang is always reprehensible, and occasionally dangerous. Foreigners above all men should be careful to avoid anything even in the way of a colloquialism, or they may come to a bad end. A man whom I met in the South recently came to London with a knowledge of the English language founded on text-books. He was making a lengthy stay in the Metropolis, and rapidly acquired a vocabulary like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—"extensive and peculiar." Above all, he acquired every colloquial phrase he came across, and would use them everywhere. One night he left a convivial gathering saying to a casual acquaintance, in very broken English, "Well, if I don't see you again—what is it?—ta-ta!—that's right, isn't it?" When he was gone a bet was taken that he would come to grief some time during the following evening at a reception to which most of the men present were bidden. The most mischievous of our company had told the unfortunate visitor that it was strictly *comme il faut* to use certain expressions when visiting. On the following evening the foreigner was one of the first to leave the reception. He went up to our hostess, and, with a bow that would have been worth a fortune to a dancing-master, said, rapidly and rather nervously, "My dear Madame, I make ze charming evening, and if I see you not again—hullo!" How the lady managed to keep her countenance, and acknowledge the strange farewell, I don't know. I have since found out that the layer of the bet had been teaching him familiar expressions all the evening, and the load had been too great for him to control. Hence, at the psychological moment, he had faltered, and used a wrong one.

The Ladies' Night at the Grosvenor Club to-morrow will consist of an entertainment given in aid of the commendable charity scheme

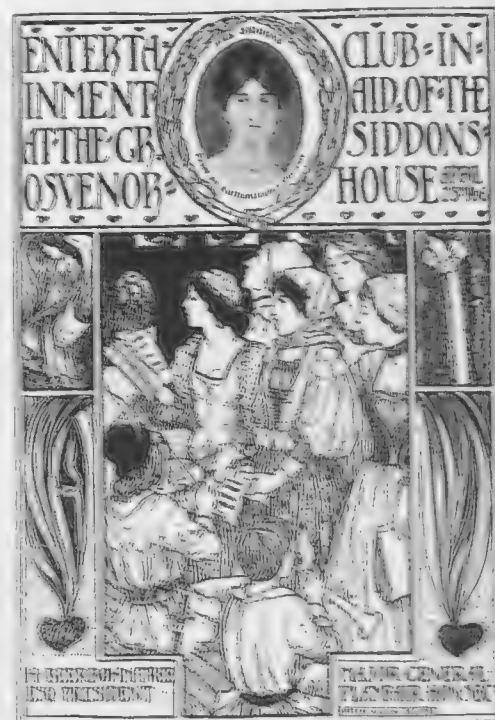
which will, doubtless, prove of great benefit to the sick members of the dramatic profession. Representative members of the musical and dramatic professions will give their services, while Signor Bocchi's Royal Drawing-room Sextet will discourse sweet music at intervals. A levy of some of the prettiest actresses in London will dispose of the artistically got up programmes designed by Mr. Wilson Patten. Understand the charity arose from the fact that the neglected state of Mrs. Siddons' grave in Paddington Churchyard called for immediate restoration. But some sympathisers with the drama proposed to go a step further by suggesting as well a public tribute to the great tragedienne's memory. Among these were Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Tree, and others. The idea at once caught on, especially when it was decided that no memorial would be more fitting than a well-appointed home and hospital for sick members of the profession, for it would be reflective of the tenderness of heart and loftiness of soul which distinguished Sarah Siddons, while no dramatic family has filled so large a niche in the temple of dramatic fame as hers. Her grandniece, Mr. Ward, acted under Braddon and Booth, her parents had played with Quin; she herself fulfilled a career which commenced with Garrick and ended with playing Lady Randolph to Macready's Glenrhone; while she frequently witnessed the triumphs of her brothers, John, Charles, and Stephen Kemble, and was present at the debut of her niece, Fanny Kemble—reminiscent enough of a grand and glorious record of histrionic art. The honorary secretaryship has been placed in the able hands of Major-General A. L. Playfair, one of Messrs. Conitts, who sympathetically will afford all information—and receive cheques.

The Sud Express, carrying the mails between London and Paris and Spain and Portugal, has been reorganised. The sections Paris-Madrid and Paris-Lisbon have been made independent the one from the other in both directions, and run to and from their respective destinations twice weekly.

The performance of Mr. W. R. Walkes' comedy, rechristened "My Remington, Spinstor," has been postponed until Friday, when the St. James's Theatre is likely to have a good house.

The Garton Hotel Company have taken over the Land Warden Hotel, Dover, and intend to open it for the reception of visitors early next month.

Miss Solborne is publishing a novel, "Young Mrs. Staples," through Messrs. Downey and Co.





It is the custom in all naval regattas to convert into a miniature man-o'-war the wooden raft or punt supplied to each ship to keep her copper clean. Usually the punt is modelled on the ship to which she belongs, a prize being given for the best rig. The crew propel the



A MIMIC MAN-O'-WAR.

vessel with shovels. Here is a picture of the punt of H.M.S. *Calypso*, which is part of the only squadron that goes in for sailing to any extent. The squadron, at the time the photograph was taken, was off Vigo.

From a friend's ample and varied collection of ludicrous blunders made by candidates up for different examinations I choose a few of the daintiest morsels, italicising the best things. For instance: "Among the wild animals occupying the Fens are humming-birds, *mosquitoes*, and other *rapacious* birds." "The Spanish admirals who defeated the Armada were called *Van Tromp* and *Van Dyck*." "The *Lupercal* was the name of the wolf that suckled *Romeo and Juliet*." The last sentence leads me on to a batch of Shaksperian fables. Shakspeare, according to one account, was imprisoned for a long time by Charles I., when he wrote the *Canterbury Tales*. Another bright youth averred that Shakspeare, who was born in Staffordshire, at the age of twelve made up his plays. The best of these were "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet's *Ghost*," and "*Romulus and Juliet*."

Golf in Ireland, judging by the rapid growth in the number of clubs, is becoming quite as popular as in England. In the North of Ireland golf has been in full swing for a number of years, but in the South and around Dublin progress has been made only in recent years. Half-a-dozen clubs have links around Dublin, the latest addition being the Portmarnock Club, which was formed about a year ago. It has made phenomenal progress; starting with a membership of barely thirty, the number is now two hundred. The natural advantages they have over other clubs in the matter of links have, no doubt, had a great deal to do with its success. They are situated seven miles from Dublin, on the coast near Howth Head, and the beautiful surrounding coast-scenery is seen with advantage from the golf course. Nine holes were laid down originally, but the large increase in the membership made it necessary to have the full course of eighteen holes. The links resemble to a great extent some of the coast links in Scotland, more particularly the well-known Gullane Links in Haddingtonshire. A fine club-house was erected during the winter months, and was opened, together with the extended course, on Easter Monday.

Has woman a musical ear? I am beginning to doubt it more and more, at least, so far as verse is concerned. Mr. Saintsbury, in his new book, has said some severe things about Mrs. Browning's

rhymes—her defenders might retaliate with a denunciation of his slipshod prose—as, for example, "mountain" and "daunting." I recently had the opportunity of seeing a manuscript magazine, where some lady lyrists ran riot with rhyme. For example, "weeping" is made to jingle with "cheating," "absurd" with "herb." I don't think Mr. Gilbert is likely to have a rival in petticoats.

The more I think of it the more convinced I am that the art of the *restauranteur* is not understood in London. There are, on the one hand, plenty of places inordinately expensive for the food cooked, and nearly always unsatisfactory; and, on the other, the cheap tea-shops. Unless I go to my club, I simply detest the lunches that I can get within easy reach of my office. Not that places such as one gets by the score in Paris are not to be found in London, but they are little known. I have, however, spotted one or two in merry mongrel Soho, where lunch or dinner of excellent quality, and admirably cooked, can be got at a third of the price of places in the Strand, say. One of these places, quite recently started on very unpretentious lines, I have had the opportunity of seeing grow into an excellent business in an incredibly short time. It is run by a Frenchman, and the food is excellent, cheap, and varied. Not only so, but there is an air of homeliness about it unknown in English restaurants. When you enter you are welcomed by the proprietor in the friendliest way; you are attended to promptly, and for eighteenpence or two shillings you depart satisfied.

The Burial Board of picturesque East Grinstead have recently, from all accounts, been much exercised as to the propriety of allowing tombstones to indicate the direction taken by the "dear departed," and have, it is said, rejected an epitaph containing an assignation in the realms above. Many quaint epitaphs doubtless exist, but I fancy that amusing epitaphs, like amusing stories, are apt to be much manufactured. Here is one I was told of recently, which, I fear, belongs to the apocryphal series—

Here lies our Tommy, one of seven,  
His loss we mourn in grief and pain;  
Our little Tommy's gone to heaven,  
Ne'er shall we see his face again.

Below these lines some wag had cut the following—

Strangers, take comfort—who can tell?  
P'raps little Tommy's gone to H—ll.

This, I confess, reads like the monumental history of the woes borne on earth by a certain afflicted John Dyer, below which appeared, in the form of a postscript—

Alas! alas! for poor John Dyer!  
He's gone from the frying-pan into the fire.

A rhymed inventory of the earthly ills of the deceased was certainly not uncommon in the earlier part of this century, and I remember a very quaint expression of them in the churchyard of St. Giles, Camberwell, which, as far as I can remember (it is many years ago that I saw it), ran as follows—

Pain was my portion,  
Physic was my food,  
Groans my devotion,  
Drugs did no good,  
Till Christ our Redeemer, who knows what is best,  
Came and released me and took me to His rest.



THE PORTMARNOCK GOLF CLUB LINKS.

Photo by J. Robinson and Sons, Dublin.



If people could see themselves as others see them, I feel sure that the burden of my earthly pilgrimage would be considerably lightened. My pilgrimage through the Metropolis is sometimes aided by the omnibus; but, unless the occupants are total strangers to each other, I get out at once, although this sometimes means the sacrifice of a hard-earned penny, with no corresponding benefit. But, for the life of me, I cannot stand the odious habit some people have acquired of discussing uninteresting family matters at the top of their voices. This disease of vulgarity has spread from bus to train, and soon cabs and balloons will be all that are left to people uninterested in the family matters of people they have never seen before and hope never to see again. Only a few days ago two ladies (?) talked across me in a full omnibus, and quite aloud, about the trouble their servants gave them. All the petty details of their housekeeping troubles were brought out with appalling frankness, and I am quite convinced that their servants would have had better taste than to discuss their mistresses aloud as they were being discussed. Nobody in the omnibus seemed to mind; one or two men looked on with smiles, and one or two other ladies listened with sympathetic interest, as though they needed very little encouragement to join in and narrate domestic atrocities as bad as those they listened to. I would have given any man a sovereign to start singing a music-hall song or smoke a pipe of strong tobacco. Unfortunately, I could not get out, for the rain was pouring down, and I had no umbrella. *Hinc illæ*—what's the Latin for swear-words?

A courageous publisher, in the person of Mr. P. S. King, of King Street, W., has at last been found to undertake the formidable task of compiling a general index to the 356 volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. A book without an index is such a constant source of irritation that it almost justifies a proposal once made by Lord Campbell, that the neglectful author should be deprived of the privilege of copyright. For the sake, however, of both index-compiler and the index-consumer, some attempt should be made to place a check on the enormous multiplication of the family of Smiths. To search for the writings of a Smith whose Christian name has slipped your memory in the catalogue at the British Museum Reading-room is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay; but to find a reference to Smith in Ayscough's Index to the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a labour worthy of Hercules, for under that awful name are gathered together in one great undivided mass 2411 entries. Should the particular Smith required be the two-thousand-four-hundred-and-eleventh, it has been calculated that it would take a searcher a good week's work, at ten hours a-day, to arrive at him.

How can the Socialist declare that England is not a democratic country when last week the daughter of the proprietor of a huge emporium in Tottenham Court Road (some of the less ornamental contents of which were once alluded to by Mr. Sam Lewis in a witty racecourse repartee doubtless remembered by many sportsmen) was wedded to a German noble of "high degree," in an English Cathedral, the ceremony being performed by a real live Bishop, assisted by an Archdeacon, before an assemblage of what the late Mr. James Yellowplush would have termed the "helite of the blue-blooded and commercial aristocracy of the land," who speeded the happy pair to sunny Seville, there to enjoy the honeymoon in a Duke's château? If this is not an example of honest toil and ancient race going hand-in-hand, I should like to have a better.

I congratulate Mr. William Archer on his masterly letter to Mr. Tree in the *Chronicle* on the staging of "Henry IV." Mr. Archer writes with the air of a man who has well-formed beliefs on Shaksperian acting. What he says is not the impulse of a moment; it is well thought out. And I think Mr. Archer's standpoint is that of all serious people. The Elizabethan drama according to Daly won't do. William of Stratford-on-Avon could write plays long before St. Augustin was dreamt of. Indeed, I can hardly conceive of Mr. Daly's still resolving to perpetrate another Shaksperian mutilation on us, and the conversion of Miss Ada Rehan into Prince Hal.

I don't think people have any conception of the demands made on an editor. I have before me a letter from a man in Kansas which would fill a whole column of this journal, offering me a manuscript entitled "Yon; or, The Mystery of Life—the Way the World Goes Round." He puts a series of queries to me as to what I think of it. "Every word in the book," he modestly tells me, "is a good sentence, every sentence is a good page, and every page is a good book, and the whole book is a wonderful volume of knowledge." And he winds up by assuring me that, if I don't think much of his manuscript (which he has not sent), I am showing a "lack of business interest."

A memorial, with nearly twelve thousand signatures, has been presented to the Home Secretary, pointing out that the amount of actual inspection and consequent control under the Cruelty to Animals Act relating to vivisection is very small, and suggesting that the provisions of the Act may be, and probably are, evaded. The signatories include Lord and Lady Wolseley, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Bret Harte, and Mr. William Watson.

That extremely clever "single-handed" lady entertainer, Miss Fanny Wentworth, after a very successful stay across the Atlantic, returns to London for the opening of the season. That there is at present a demand for this class of work, when artistically done, is made quite clear by the fact that the place of curtain-raiser at two West-End theatres is now

taken by lady entertainers, a musical sketch by Miss Jennie Franklin preceding "The New Barmaid," at the Avenue, and the performance of "Jedbury Junior" at Terry's Theatre being preluded by Miss Nellie Ganthony's appearance in "Outward Bound." I could recall the names of several other ladies who emulate the exploits of George Grossmith and the lamented Corney Grain.

Miss Delrita, who filled the part of the Sandman in "Hänsel and Gretel" at Drury Lane the other evening, appeared also, I think, in Humperdinck's delightful opera in America, together with Sir Augustus Harris's company. In spite of her obtrusively Italian stage-name, Miss Delrita is an Irish young lady, and is especially well beloved in the evergreen city of Cork. She has sung at Drury Lane before.

Mr. John Radcliff, the celebrated flautist, has been engaged to give one of the "star" turns at the Tivoli. Mr. Radcliff has for many years been known as one of the most distinguished native orchestral players, and he has also, together with his wife, frequently given musical entertainments. In the domain of solo cornet-playing, the names of Levy and Howard Reynolds are familiar to popular audiences, and, latterly, ladies have performed with success on this instrument as well as on the clarinet and the flute.

Very good accounts indeed reach me from the provinces concerning the two new musical comedies, "The French Maid" and "Lord Tom Noddy," produced respectively at Bath and Bristol. In the first, by the collaborators in "Gentleman Joe," Miss Andrée Corday has made quite a success in the title character, that of Suzette; and good work is done by Miss Caroline Ewell, Misses Louie and Lillie Pounds, and other clever people, among whom is Mr. H. O. Clarey, the up-to-date detective in "Claude Duval." The book by Mr. Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter's music seem both to be first-rate, and no doubt London audiences will soon be introduced to "The French Maid."

In "Lord Tom Noddy," by Mr. George Dance and Dr. Osmond Carr, Little Tich is, of course, immensely funny as his tiny Lordship, a character cleverly contrasted with the colossal Colonel Ben Nevis, most appropriately played by that man of many inches, Mr. Pictou Roxborough. Dainty Miss Mabel Love is delightful as Phœbe, the hospital nurse; and others of importance in the cast are Mr. H. C. Barry, a capital comedian, clever Miss Nina Martino, and Miss Annie Esmond.

Mr. Frank Thornton, who is Maximilian, the tapster at the Golden Goose, in "The Sin of St. Hulda," used to be a popular member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company in the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan alliance. Afterwards, he went out to Australia, and since his return from the other side of the globe he has been heard of less frequently than might have been wished.

Mr. Theodore Thomas, the eminent transatlantic orchestral conductor, received recently a splendid gift from M. Paderewski. This was a silver drinking-horn lined with gold, and it bore the eulogistic inscription, "To Theodore Thomas, the grand conductor, the true man, and the cherished friend, in admiration and love, from Ignace J. Paderewski." These words, I should fancy, Mr. Thomas would prize even more highly than the gift.

### "MONSIEUR DE PARIS," AT THE ROYALTY.

"Monsieur de Paris" seemed to me to have rather more merit than was generally admitted. In the earlier part, despite a tendency to highfalutin', there was some cleverness in depicting the executioner's daughter who has a sweetheart unaware of her father's hateful office. Moreover, there was cleverness in suggesting the atmosphere of horror. I felt quite curious as to the way out of the situation, though fearful lest Mrs. Ramsay and Mr. de Cordova should prove to have no way out, and merely cut the difficulty with a dagger-stroke. Alas! my fears were realised; we reached a dramatic moment—somewhat marred by the acting of Mr. Vibart, which is heavy and characterless—when the young man learned that the girl he loved and had sworn to wed was the child of the man whose vital office is deemed infamous in every land. Then came the falling-off. It is not very dramatic to have a young woman threatening vaguely a man who will not wed her, and the man was rendered uninteresting because he showed no trace of any struggle in his heart between the love that had protested so much and honour. It is, no doubt, very painful to find that your sweetheart is the daughter of "Jack Ketch," and you might decline to marry her; but the discovery could hardly kill a real love in an instant. Mr. Mark Kinghorne, who is very funny in "The Chili Widow," was really impressive as the executioner. Miss Violet Vanbrugh astonished many by her acting, which, until she was required to be tremendously tragic, was of remarkable quality. In the earlier scenes she was charming in her gaiety, and very clever in suggesting her character as a pariah; moreover, she displayed a very pretty passion of love. There were, perhaps, too many sudden pauses, and the audience was taken too much into her confidence during the long soliloquy; yet I feel that no one on our stage could have looked so picturesque as the queerly named Jacinta, and very few have played so well, until the cursing began—then, to be frank, she lacked weight of metal. The scene demanded eighty-ton-gun action, and she is not quite of the calibre, though her work will make everyone deeply interested in her future. E.





MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "MONSIEUR DE PARIS," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

*M. DE PARIS: Poor little soul! She's only twenty-two, and they say her face is like a child's.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## SOME JAPANESE AMUSEMENTS.

Though the histrionic art may be said to flourish in Japan, especially in the large towns, the taste for repeatedly witnessing the performance of Japanese plays is, among Europeans, undoubtedly an acquired one. Yet among a small section of the Europeans living in such towns as Yokohama, Tōkyō, Ōsaka, and Kyōto, this taste does exist, and it was one of these votaries of the Japanese stage whom I accompanied to several of the chief playhouses in Japan.

Almost every serious piece played in the leading theatres in Japan—every piece, that is to say, that would correspond with an *Adelphi* or *Princess's* play over here—if any sort of comparison between English plays and Japanese plays can rightly be drawn—is founded either upon some ancient historical incident or upon some time-worn legend or tale of romance.

Undoubtedly, the Japanese are largely endowed with the gift of "action," and the Japanese actor develops this power to its fullest extent. Consequently, the foreigner, though ignorant of the language, is often able to follow the play merely by closely watching the pantomime.

The form of amusement of a dramatic nature that most interests the traveller in Japan, however, is the *geisha* dancing, also the *Kagura* or common religious dance, and the *Adzuma-mai*, a religious dance performed in the ancient Shimo-Gamo Shintō temple near Kyōto. These dances are not particularly amusing to witness, though all sights of the kind are more or less amusing when witnessed for the first time. The best *geisha* dancing takes place in Kyōto, the next best in Tōkyō, but so-called *geisha* dances may be seen in several of the large towns. Almost more interesting to see, however, are the religious dances. In the *Kagura*, for instance, the dancer usually wears a loose white chemise-like garment, a pair of flapping trousers, generally of a bright red colour, and a long, transparent covering, formed like a cloak and ornamented with designs resembling crests. Her hair hangs down her back in a single tress, flowers adorn her forehead, and her face is besmeared with a white compound, said to consist chiefly of white-lead. In her hand she holds a bunch of small bells that is not unlike a child's toy. This she shakes at intervals during the dance. Sometimes several girls dance at one time, but in every case their movements are accompanied by a mournful sacred chant and by a tune played upon a drum and a flute by priests. It is wrong to suppose, however, as many Europeans who have never visited Japan do suppose, that the *Miyako-odori* dance is indecent. About the genuine *geisha* dance there is nothing even indelicate or suggestive; and here it may be added that the impression at one time common among English people, to the effect that Japanese women are a depraved, immoral set, is absolutely groundless. True, they have singular habits, customs peculiar to the country; but it may truly be said that, as a nation, they have by nature an instinct and tastes far less bestial than those of a large proportion of civilised Europeans.

Such well-known authorities upon Japan as Mr. Douglas Sladen and Mr. Clement Scott have left but little, if anything, new to be said about

Japanese games and amusements in general. The native acrobats and the jugglers are, of course, extremely clever, but hardly more so than those seen in London every day. The accompanying photograph represents a troupe of acrobats that lately performed in Yokohama; but, to judge from their appearance, there is a strong infusion of European blood in their veins. Certainly they are not more finished performers than the Craggs, for instance, or, let us say, the Kellino troupe. Their performance, indeed, greatly resembles that of the Kellinos.

Wrestling and fencing still attract much attention, though the prestige attaching to the professional wrestler is very small by comparison with what it once was. Several thousands of persons witnessed the wrestling matches held in Tōkyō on a festival day at the end of December last. It is said that between six hundred and seven hundred professional wrestlers live in Tōkyō alone, but the chief wrestling contests take place annually in January and in May in Ekōin, the town

famous for the great fire of 1657, which lasted over two days and two nights, and destroyed more than a hundred and seven thousand human beings. A striking feature about the rules of Japanese wrestling is that a wrestler may defeat his opponent not only by throwing him, but also by forcing his knee or his hand to touch the ground, or by pushing him out of the inner ring. Nominally, there are forty-eight distinct "hands," or ways of tackling an antagonist; in reality, there are many more, but they may all be roughly classified under four headings, namely: bending, grappling, twisting, and throwing. Slapping in the face is allowed in some cases.

An amusement almost equally common, but less attractive, is the pastime called "fencing." A few months ago, several fencing matches took place outside a Shintō temple that stands on the summit of a hill in Yokohama, a hill from which a lovely view is obtained of the bay, the city, and the surrounding country. The occasion was that of a festival, organised, so the guide said, in order to amuse the spirits of the soldiers killed in the late war. In these fencing contests each



JAPANESE ACROBATS.

competitor wears a heavy iron mask, a pair of padded gauntlets that reach about half-way up his forearm, and a chest-pad. His throat and hips are also padded. He is armed with a thick bamboo stick, about four feet six inches long, which he holds with both hands, and with this he may strike his opponent with all his strength upon the head or upon the padded parts of the body, and he may also poke him in the throat. The first match was amusing enough. In the second, one of the competitors fainted, and was carried away. In the third, the taller of the two combatants rushed at his opponent and, after half-stunning him with a blow on the side of the head, he rained a volley of furious strokes across his luckless victim's unprotected back and shoulders. Then, seizing him round the body in Cornish-tussle style, he flung him to the ground with all his force. The defeated fencer was, of course, picked up insensible and carried away. It was afterwards rumoured that his arm and collar-bone were broken. Meanwhile, the conquering hero remained squatting in a corner, chuckling with suppressed glee over his victory, and highly elated at the applause of the crowd. It is said that many of the competitors entertain a deadly hatred for each other, and the signs of hatred between these two were, in this case, apparent to everybody.

BASIL TOZER.





ACTORS.



JUGGLERS.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Admirable Crichton who guides the destinies of the universe in general, and the German Empire in particular, should spare a little time for the nation over which he rules. It is doubtless well to cheer up his ally at Venice; it is kind to console Cambridge for unexpected defeat by telegraphing congratulations to Oxford. But the present state of the great Duelling question in Germany seems anomalous, to say the least. Duelling is forbidden by law, and enforced by the military authorities. The man who fights incurs imprisonment, the man who declines to fight is ostracised from society, and the ostracism is ratified by the official heads of the social hierarchy. Hence one Von, having been accused by other Vons of writing obscene post-cards to the wives of Vons, and having considered himself vindicated by a legal acquittal from the charges against him, is practically informed that he must shoot and be shot, or be unworthy of a place in Vondom. He therefore chooses out a Von who declines to retract his accusations, fights a business duel at ten paces, and lodges his bullet where Eilert Lövborg shot himself unbecomingly. The accusing Von is dead, and the subsequent proceedings interest him no more.

Now, that Vons should defame Vons, and one Von shoot another Von through his Vonnish abdomen, may not be of enormous moment to those persons—at present the large majority—who have not achieved Vonship. But that the Head of a State generally supposed to be civilised, if not polished, should tolerate and even encourage in his social and military aspect the practice of private war, which the law stigmatises as murder, is a painful and unseemly anomaly. For these things were not done in a corner. The combatants were, or had been, high Court officials; their seconds were men of position, who would not have ventured to abet a duel if they incurred risk of ruin thereby. In such a notorious case he who permits orders. And what was permitted was murder.

The principle of every civilised and legal State, without which no society could hold together at all, is that the organisation of the State, representing all its members, takes private protection, private vengeance, private exaction of redress, largely out of the hands of individual citizens or unorganised bodies of men. The private person has no longer the choice whether to right himself for real or fancied wrong, or to call in the law. He does not seize his debtor and thrust him into a dungeon. No, he applies for a judgment summons—or, if a wise man, he lets the matter slide. The test of the civilisation of a country is the completeness and speed with which the State redresses or avenges the wrongs of the meanest of its citizens. Professor Dicey traces almost all the special virtues of the British Constitution to the fact that, in the eye of the law, a State official is no more than a simple citizen.

But, abroad, side by side with the written law, there is the unwritten code of what is described as honour. The process of law, which the State has provided for the especial purpose of rendering private and irregular vengeance unnecessary as well as dangerous, is deliberately set aside by a convention of society in favour of the old barbarous arbitrament of steel or lead. And the head of the State, abdicating his noblest office, is no more the Fount of Justice, but the mere feudal onlooker at the ordeal by battle, tolerating, if not encouraging, the absurd and brutal substitution of chance murder for the judgment of wise and expert men.

What would have happened in England, which some Germans consider as far behind in true civilisation? Von Kotze, accused of sending vile epistles, would have been tried, and presumably acquitted—as, in fact, he was; and if Von Schrader persisted in his accusations, and was unable to prove them, a verdict for libel would have mulcted him in five thousand pounds or so. Then everybody would have said that the defendant, even if sincere, was an obstinate fool for making charges when unable to prove them, and, when he had paid the damages and costs, he might come to be of the same opinion. But “honour” must be appeased, and so, because Von Schrader suspected Von Kotze of sending indecent post-cards, Von Schrader’s wife is a widow and his children fatherless.

And how does this throw any light on the case? Guilty men can shoot as straight as innocent men—in many cases straighter. Apparently exactly the same satisfaction of honour would have been attained had the result been reversed, and Von Kotze died in agony, leaving a suitable number of bereaved and high-born relatives. Practically the code of which both duellists are unhappy victims amounts to this: A is charged by B and others with an infamous act. He is legally acquitted, but B still believes him guilty, and says so. Therefore, it is the duty of A, on pain of being held worthless and cowardly, to invite B to stand up at ten paces and fire at him, being fired at at the same time; and if B declines this invitation, B is held worthless and cowardly. Was ever anything more preposterous seen outside a Gilbert opera?

The French, whom Germans sometimes consider as little more civilised than ourselves, have so far emancipated themselves from tradition as to carry out the topsy-turvy theory of the duel in a properly Gilbertian manner. They agree that, if two journalists slang each other in leading articles or paragraphs, they must go out to fight with sword or pistol; but to this unwritten law they add a rider, even more unwritten, that the meeting shall be practically harmless.—MARMITON.

## THE TORTURE OF TRAINED ANIMALS.

In these columns I first broached the subject of the ill-treatment meted out to performing animals by trainers, and now I propose to comment briefly upon the criticisms evoked by my article in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Suffering animals all the world over are deeply indebted to the London Press in general, and the *Daily Chronicle* in particular, for the way in which their cause has been taken up. The *Daily Chronicle*’s special correspondent has verified the terrible charges I brought against trainers, and, in doing so, has gone over ground I had not traversed. Unless the charges had been absolutely true, I should have been branded as a sensation-monger of an offensive type, and yet, had it been possible to prove the charges unfounded, I should have welcomed condemnation. The recollection of what I have seen and heard weighs upon me like a nightmare.

The case for the defence, apparently, rests upon the evidence of one “Professor” Petersen, and the very business-like letters of Mr. Josiah Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium. “Professor” Petersen has never ill-treated his dogs, and therefore says dogs are not ill-treated. I have not seen the “Professor’s” show, but I would wager long odds that his dogs do not go through serpentine dances, or stand on their hind legs and balance themselves on a moving swing. Competition in the animal business has brought brutality in its train, and this brutality is not in any way diminished because it has escaped the notice of “Professor” Petersen.

Several papers say it is my duty to publish names and addresses. I cannot agree with them. I have given the names of the worst offenders—all foreigners, I am pleased to say—to Mr. John Colam at the S.P.C.A. If, after what has been said, any theatrical manager engages them, he and they will run a great risk. At the moment the men whose barbarity I have commented on are out of London, but they have engagements to appear again in the Metropolis. To publish the names of these scoundrels would serve no good purpose; it would land me in libel actions with men who have no money to pay when they lose. With regard to Mr. Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium, I can only say that it is pleasant to learn that performing animals are treated so well there. But, when Mr. Ritchie says that animals are usually trained by kindness, I join issue with him at once. I will not, for the moment, consider what I myself have seen, I will only refer all sensible people to what Messrs. Charles Morton, John Hollingshead, Landerman, and others, have stated. Whom can Mr. Ritchie hope to convince under such circumstances? He depends to some extent on performing-animal turns, and is naturally anxious that they should not fall out of favour. It is surely enough, then, that he should look after his own performances. If they are free from offence, it is well and creditable. But he cannot alter the fact that the vast majority are a disgrace to all concerned.

Some animals will perform tricks without force, but how few will repeat these performances every evening, or often, indeed, twice in an evening? Every amateur trainer knows that they are not to be depended on. It is a curious and suggestive commentary on the existing state of affairs that, after all has been said, there is but one practical denial to the charges made, that is, by the “Professor” Petersen aforesaid.

Against this, apart from the overwhelming weight of public evidence, I have very many letters from people I have never seen, telling me that they are ready to vouch for the truth of cases as bad as those I mention, and asking how to help to cleanse our variety stage of a disgrace. I can only say, watch carefully, hiss any performer guilty of an overt act of cruelty, and decline to support any entertainment wherein there is an element of doubt. Granted there are some kind-hearted trainers, then let their animals be on view whenever practicable before and after the entertainment, let the places wherein they are kept be known to the management of the S.P.C.A. In this way only will it be possible to discriminate, for the appearance of tortured animals leaves no room for doubt as to their treatment.

One paper finds, in an exposure of trained-animal shows, a veiled attack on music-halls. Nothing of the sort was ever intended. I have had to acknowledge sympathy and help from all our big houses. Without the good services of managers it would have been impossible to gather certain information. As a body, managers are delighted to think that the nights of the animal-torturer are numbered. I have said before, and I repeat, that the sins of the many may be visited upon the innocent few. This is inevitable, but the effects can be minimised by all trainers who can face publicity and show a clean record. The rest deserve to suffer.

I would like to explain a sentence in my original article which has been misunderstood. It was to the effect that there was no kind treatment for animals outside Europe. When penning the lines, my thoughts were on the horrors of the Arab markets, and the treatment endured by brute creation in the best-known parts of Asia. An American gentleman has protested, and I apologise for having given him cause. I had no thought of including America in the “outside Europe.” Men and women with English hearts and English tongues are humane all the world over, and, in writing and thinking, I have always thought of them as English.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The New English Art Club may now be definitely congratulated upon having won for itself a solid and eminent position among the exhibitions of the year. Time has been, in the years that are no more, when, despite all the cleverness, and even brilliance, of many among its members, one doubted a little about its staying power. That doubt is now swept away for ever; a little brag, perhaps, has disappeared, and in its place sober work, good and conscientious, reigns supreme.

daughter, who died at the age of six, under very sad circumstances, about three years ago. We await its appearance with interest.

Mr. Tonks is represented by a very able portrait of "Miss Margaret Falcon," which is painted with rare spirit and energy, the colour of the red dress making a beautiful harmony with the white of the pinafore. Mr. Tonks is a painter of whom we are destined to hear a good deal



IN NUBIA.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY E. R. ASHTON. EXHIBITED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

If we begin with the portraits, we must note, for special praise, Mr. Furse's "Rev. Walter Locke." Mr. Furse has been making such strides in the progress of his art during the past few years that the excellence of this work should not come as a surprise. And yet we own that we were surprised. The modelling, the brush-work, the colouring, and, above all, the vitality of the work, are evidences of an extremely high level of art; there is scarcely another living Englishman who could have painted this portrait. Moreover, as a matter of private gossip, we believe that one even finer example of Mr. Furse's portraiture is destined for this year's Academy; it is a portrait of Mr. W. E. Henley's little

more, and, we imagine, before very long. He has two other pictures which, though excellent in their way, are not equal to this charming portrait. Mr. Brabazon's water-colours are, as usual, excellent, particularly a beautiful sunset, which is marvellously lit. An odd return to the scenes of former artistic promise is that of Mr. Windus, the pre-Raphaelite artist, who exhibits on this occasion by special invitation. In old days Mr. Ruskin was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Windus, and we rather think that he would be no less enthusiastic over "The Flight of Henry VI. from Towton," which is one of the finest specimens of pictorial decoration that we have seen for a long time.



We must also note some of the pen-and-ink work, mentioning particularly Mr. Laurence Housman (who still somewhat perplexes in his designs, but about the merit of whose line and the firmness of whose composition there can be no possible doubt), and Mr. Robert Spence, whose manner and accomplishments are both charming. We note, and are not altogether sorry for it, that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley does not exhibit this year. Mr. Walter Sickert contradicts for us the common gay notion of Venice in his delicate studies, which, if somewhat low in tone, are, at all events, artistic and delightful.

Still the inevitable dog-pictures, and this time from the brush of Mr. Thomas Blinks, whose series of setters and pointers he calls the "Rose," "Shamrock," "Thistle," and "Unity," are now to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's galleries in the Haymarket. There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Blinks knows the character of dogs thoroughly, and he has drawn them with great vigour and insight. He has been faced, however, by the same problem as that which confronted M. Tissot in his series of scenes from the life of Christ. He has had to think rather of reproduction than of oil, as they are to be reproduced by photo-engraving and sold by subscription. We are convinced that, in their later form, they will be even more acceptable than they are now.



FLORA MACDONALD.

The canonisation of Flora Macdonald is reaching an acute stage. One of her descendants is placing in St. Columba's Church, Portree, where she took leave of Prince Charlie, a gorgeous stained-glass window in her memory. The subject is Queen Esther's self-sacrifice, and bears the words "If I perish, I perish." And now another descendant has left £1000 for a statue to be erected in Inverness. Competitive designs were invited. The successful competitor is Mr. Andrew Davidson, Inverness, at present in Rome, who was one of fifteen sculptors competing. The subject carries out the motto "Air Faire" (On the Watch), and

represents the heroic maiden standing, with her favourite collie dog, shading her eyes with her hand, on the look-out for any possible enemies of the Prince, who is supposed to be in hiding in Kingsburgh House, having just reached Skye. Flora wears a shawl of the tartan of her family, and in her bosom is a bunch of flowers expressive of her own name. There is also lace on the bodice of her dress to indicate her gentle birth. The statue being executed in bronze, the drapery is, of necessity, light, or the symmetry of the figure would be spoiled. The pedestal is of Scotch granite, 9½ ft. in height, while the statue stands 7 ft., bas-reliefs illustrative of the Prince's romantic career being inserted in the side-panels. A site for the statue has not yet been decided upon. Mr. Davidson's latest work was a life-size figure of St. Columba for Iona, where the Saint is said to have first set his foot on Scottish soil.

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, there is more discontent among artists, and in rather a novel quarter. As prominent exhibitors at the Academy and New Gallery in London are almost certain to be invited by managers of the great provincial galleries to send their pictures on a short tour through the provinces, the chance of the pictures selling is naturally held out as a strong inducement. Now, more often than not, the pictures do not sell, they run the risk of accident on the journey, they lose at least the value of novelty or freshness by being shown round the country. An artist of some distinction has suggested to the *Chronicle* that, in view of this loss on the one hand, and on the other of the pleasure given to the crowds who visit the exhibitions, it would be but fair to offer adequate payment to all those who exhibit their work by invitation, and that a movement for the purpose should be started.

We quite agree with the *Chronicle* in confessing that there is reason in the plea; but we also agree with it in believing that the thing cannot be done. The exceptional artist, whose popularity would make his presence imperative, might profit, but not the large majority. For the trouble is that artists nowadays look as much to the uses of advertisement as any soap-manufacturer or theatrical manager, and, if they can advertise themselves by sending their work on tour, they are quite willing to risk the consequences. Indeed, it is not unlikely that there are cases when, so far from the exhibitor being paid for the loan of his work, he has had to pay to have it hung on the walls. If artists would hold together in these matters, concludes the *Chronicle*, something might be accomplished.

Once again, after a lapse of about five years, Sir Edward Burne-Jones exhibits at the Fine Art Society's Rooms a series of studies and drawings. The preparations of a great artist are always matters of the keenest interest, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones is even exceptionally interesting, for this is an artist who, like Sir Frederick Leighton,

takes infinite pains with every step of his journey. Moreover, there is nothing evanescent, let it be declared at once, in these lovely drawings; every stone of the building is beautiful. The studies in draperies have the rarest elegance and grace, and in some instances there is a delicacy of sentiment, a fluttering, fugitive sweetness, which escapes even the maturer glories of the finished work.

For the most part, the studies here exhibited are the preparatory steps in pictures with which the world is already upon admiring terms—as, for example, the "Briar Rose" series, "The Days of Creation," and "The Golden Stairs." But the public has also the singular advantage of visiting certain studies of works which have not as yet, in their ripe form, been brought into exhibition. Among these we are able to form golden anticipatory opinions of "Love's Wayfaring" and "The Pilgrim of Love." There are also ten admirable drawings which are to illustrate the "Chaucer" shortly to be issued by Mr. William Morris from the Kelmescott Press.

Nothing is better than that we should do honour to the Barbizon School, and we have been clamouring for years that this should be done, ever since those martial days when Mr. W. E. Henley led the charge in favour of Corot and Millet in the strenuous pages of the *Magazine of Art*. But the rush of victory this year is startling, and, to a critic that desires some leisure at odd moments, even embarrassing; and here, on the top of all that is past, comes Mr. McLean, who crowds the outer room of his new exhibition with fine Daubignys, Corots, Troyons, Rousseaus. Having merely drawn attention to the fact that they are fine, we need not add more to the subject just now. Mr. Orchardson's beautiful "Music, when sweet voices die, vibrates in the memory," is there, too, and a noble collection of the Dutchmen.

Herr von Payer is an extraordinary man. He was the commander of the late Austrian expedition to the North Pole, and in his four years' sojourn in the Arctic regions his spirit was touched and his blood was stirred by the catastrophe of Sir John Franklin. An ordinary man would have embodied his enthusiasm in literature, for Herr von Payer was no artist. But this he would not do. He determined to immortalise his enthusiasm in paint. He went to Munich, studied art, painted four huge memorial pictures, and the results are now in the Grafton Gallery. They are profoundly interesting; but are they art?

We reproduce a photograph of the plaster cast of Lady Macbeth, the original of which, by Lord Ronald Gower, stands at Stratford-on-Avon. The reproduction is particularly interesting at this time, when the Shakspeare celebrations are in course of procedure at Stratford—celebrations to which we refer in another column. The statue is an extremely interesting and clever one; the face is finely modelled, with a grim look of tragedy, and a compression of the drapery that is superbly significant.

The death of Mr. E. K. Johnson, in his seventy-first year, deprives the world of art of a well-known draughtsman on wood and a painter of no mean attainments. He worked largely for the illustrated papers, and, indeed, it was the *Illustrated London News* which first published an important work of his—a bird's-eye view of Edinburgh. He also did a considerable body of work for the *Graphic*. Thirty years ago he was elected Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and ten years later a full member. He exhibited largely, and his works were extensively admired.

The mosaics at St. Paul's have so conclusively proved the merits of the British mosaic-manufacturer that it is a happy combination of patriotism and art which has induced Sir Charles Dilke to suggest that the vacant panels in the Lobby of the House of Commons should be decorated with British mosaic-work. Of course, for such a work one would engage a British artist, and it might perhaps be suggested that Mr. Richmond should further practise himself in this branch of art.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries there is on exhibition a very pretty series of about one hundred and twenty drawings by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, which are characterised by that artist's tenderest and most charming qualities. The sea, not in its blue turmoil, as it appears to Mr. Henry Moore, not in its uncompromising realism, as it appears to Mr. Walter Shore, but in its fugitive, its little, attitudes of smiling and dimpling, appealingness, is the idea of Mr. Wyllie; and we are bound to say that he fulfils that idea with delicate perfection.



LADY MACBETH.—LORD RONALD GOWER.

From the Original at Stratford-on-Avon.

## A CHAT WITH MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

Paston House is one of those fine Georgian residences which form so characteristic a feature of old Brighton, with white stone facings; large square windows close to the street, and a large front door which is but a step from it. There is only the Bristol Hotel between the house and the sea, while in this, the eastern part of Brighton, the open country is close at hand. With either the breeze from the Channel, on the one



MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

side, or the breeze off the South Downs, on the other, Mr. William Black's winter quarters can be hardly less healthful than those which he finds for the summer in his beloved Highlands. And, in truth, the ruddy face of the novelist at the luncheon-table is very pleasant to behold by a town-wearied literary worker.

"The truth is," says Mrs. Black to a *Sketch* representative, "my husband gets so tanned by exposure to the sun and the wind in Scotland during the summer that the colour lasts all the winter, till it is time for us to pack our trunks again."

"Yes, I suppose I am a favourite of the sunshine," says the novelist, smiling. "I remember, on returning from America some years ago, my face was the colour of mahogany after the voyage. When my friend Pettie saw me, he wanted to paint me as a knight in armour. The picture was exhibited at the Academy; it attracted so much attention that I had to refuse the present, because I considered that it had become too valuable a one for Pettie to make to me. So he painted that portrait there in place of it," and Mr. Black pointed to a canvas hanging in the centre of the wall opposite me, which, but for the iron-grey hair, is a faithful presentment of the novelist as he is to-day, so leniently have twenty years treated him. Pettie's "A Knight of the Seventeenth Century," it may be added, is now in the possession of Sir William Ingram.

On either side of the portrait the wall-space is occupied by the productions of Mr. Black's artist friends: Scotch scenes, sea, loch, and mountain—mostly, by Colin Hunter, MacWhirter, and a young painter named Macarthur, for whom the novelist predicts a future. Some plates of Rhodian ware and Hispano-Moresque, picked up in the course of Mr. Black's wanderings in Athens and Constantinople, also give a pleasant decorative effect to the walls. Of the novelist's foreign travels the house is, indeed, full of souvenirs. In walking through the hall, up the staircase to the drawing-room, Mr. Black has something to tell me about several quaint and out-of-the-way things. Some Old English furniture—a grandfather's clock, a big cabinet, and the hall-chairs—is reminiscent of such tours in his own country as the one so pleasantly described in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton."

In the drawing-room are to be seen the original drawings by Alfred Parsons, Pettie, Orchardson, Boughton, and other artists of the illustrations of several of Mr. Black's books. The walls also give some evidence of Mr. Black's own skill with the brush, although the novelist refuses to help you to discover his own, and in identifying it the assistance of Mrs. Black has to be obtained. But to most of the readers of "A Princess of Thule" and "Macleod of Dare" probably the most

interesting things in the large, handsome room would be two leather-bound volumes containing the MSS. of these popular novels. The pages are large quarto, of thick paper, and filled with closely written lines, which read almost as clearly and regularly as print. I congratulate the compositors who have the task of setting up Mr. Black's "copy."

"Ah! but you don't know," the novelist laughingly exclaims. "In this case I don't think virtue is its own reward. My 'copy' being so easy, it is generally given to the boys to set up, and consequently gets sadly mauled when it comes to me in proof."

Nevertheless, I am lost in admiration when I reflect that this beautiful handwriting has survived years of daily journalism and the writing of about thirty novels. One can well understand that Mr. Black never got into the habit of dictating, and has never been tempted to buy a type-writer.

A black ebony book-case on one side of the room is filled with miscellaneous volumes, among them Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," which, with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," is the novelist's favourite reading. In another corner of the room is a case containing various editions of the novels of the author of "A Princess of Thule"—Swedish, Russian, French, and Italian among the number. It is almost impossible, however, to get Mr. Black to talk about *them*. It would seem that, as soon as the proof-sheets have been returned to the printers, Mr. Black forgets all about his own books, and Mrs. Black tells me a curious little circumstance is confirmation of this.

"In the course of conversation with my husband, one day," says Mrs. Black, "I suddenly remembered an anecdote in illustration of what I was saying, and related it to him. He laughed heartily, said it was a very good story, and eagerly asked me where I had heard it. You should have seen my husband's face when I told him that I had read it in one of his own books."

Next to his study—which is a *sanctum sanctorum*, indeed—the apartment in Paston House most characteristic of Mr. Black is undoubtedly the billiard-room; for, in the novelist's conduct of life, billiards, in the winter-time, take the place of salmon-fishing as his summer recreation. Mr. Black used formerly to have a good many games with Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was staying in the adjoining hotel, and who has now taken a house at Brighton, with a view to making it his home. At the Reform Club, to which Mr. Black has belonged since the days of his connection with the *Daily News*, he often handled the cue in contest with John Bright. I ask him whether he had ever enjoyed his favourite summer sport with the great statesman, who loved it equally well.

"No," Mr. Black replies; "but I was fishing with W. Leatham Bright, the old man's son, at the beginning of Mr. Bright's last illness. One day, Willie Bright suddenly put up his rod, saying that, somehow or other, he felt that he ought to go and see how his father was. The last news we had had was that Mr. Bright was unwell, but not seriously—no worse, in fact, than when we had started for the North together. Willie Bright left me, and arrived just in time to take farewell of his father. Among the old man's last words, I heard, was an inquiry concerning an old innkeeper of the place where we had been fishing, whom he had met on different holidays in Scotland."

## BALLADE OF A PENITENT.

This night I do indeed repent,  
Aweary of the passing show;  
I see me tottering, weak, and bent—  
Yea, in the spirit of mine foe,  
I tell me that 'twas long ago  
The heroes, godlike, strong, and tall,  
Were made marble, white as snow—  
I'm only stucco, after all.

How can I feel but discontent  
That evil powers should overthrow?  
Shall simulacra represent  
The stately marble all aglow?  
Can mighty giants ever grow  
From creatures mean of heart and small?  
Why should I meditate in woe—  
I'm only stucco after all.

Perchance I'd scale the steep ascent  
And look upon the plains below  
If Life were but a long-drawn Lent,  
If one could only cease to grow.  
But, as it is, when comes the blow,  
I, who would rise, must sway and fall,  
And crash in atoms—for, you know,  
I'm only stucco after all.

## AFTER ALL.

Such thoughts the gods To-night bestow,  
And yet the sun will burst the pall—  
To-morrow morn I'll rise as though  
I weren't stucco, after all.



## A DISTINGUISHED SCHOOLMASTER.

## MR. MOSES ANGEL, HEADMASTER OF THE JEWS' FREE SCHOOL.

"The child is the father of the man," said some sage person, who probably knew all about the matter, and, granting the truth of the statement, the paramount importance of the schoolmaster becomes at once apparent. He prepares the mind to receive the impressions left by laws and persons, eradicates hereditary faults while their immature development renders eradication possible, and inculcates ideas and principles that go far to mould the subsequent life of the pupil. Such powers are common to all good schoolmasters, but in the case of Mr. Moses Angel, who has devoted more than fifty years of his life to the service of the largest school in the world, they reach a magnitude that can scarcely be estimated.

At the time of writing, the Jews' Free School in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, affords instruction to more than three thousand five hundred children, through the medium of more than seventy masters and mistresses. It has grown with the demands made upon its resources, and, while conducted on absolutely practical lines, gives the necessary time and attention to religious and Hebrew instruction. Mr. Angel entered as a pupil, remained as a master, and celebrated the jubilee of his headmastership five years ago, when his portrait, from which our likeness is taken, was presented to him by the staff. Now in his eightieth year, after achieving far more than one man's work, he remains at his post, with faculties and enthusiasm untouched by age. The duties of headmaster in so vast an institution are no sinecure; from early morning till late afternoon he is in his place, bringing to bear on every matter a shrewd yet tolerant judgment. Not alone in questions of management, but as instructor, he keeps his place, and holds his own among many who might be his grandchildren.

The secret of his success, apart from the possession of rare natural talent for organisation and supervision, lies in the fact that almost every, if not every, master in the establishment has been a pupil there, and as such has been brought directly under the headmaster's influence. As pupil he has received instruction on the plans formulated by Mr. Angel; as master he has been able to bring experience to bear on these plans, to approve or suggest modifications of them. Thus progress has been secured to the greatest possible extent, and Mr. Angel, constantly brought into contact with the latest phase of thought, has remained in all respects up-to-date. It is significant of the esteem in which his life's work is held by the Board of Directors that he offered to resign some few years ago, and, speaking for the entire committee, Lord Rothschild, the president, said that, so long as Mr. Angel would remain in his place, that place would remain in his possession. Then, having obtained a promise that the age-limit should not prevent Mr. L. B. Abrahams, the distinguished vice-master, from ultimately succeeding him, Mr. Angel decided to remain at his post. His jubilee brought congratulations from pupils all over the world, and there can be no doubt that, had he resigned, thousands of emigrants would have felt that the one solitary link connecting them with the land of their education had been broken.

One curious result of the long tenure of his position is that Mr. Angel is not entirely subject to the rules governing other headmasters of schools receiving a Government grant. Nowadays, a headmaster must be the possessor of a University degree; Mr. Angel, though a fine scholar, did not take one. When first the question of degrees arose, I believe, he offered to take one, and was told by the powers that were that it would not be necessary. Then came the enactment by virtue of which it was sought to give the veteran some trouble; but he saw the responsible member of the Government, Lord Granville, if I mistake not, and made his lordship see that, after his offer, which had been refused, it would be bringing *ex post facto* legislation to work, if they made him suffer in any way.

He is a firm supporter of the Jewish faith, and was, I am told,

unwilling in the first instance that the school should come under the rule of her Majesty's inspectors, feeling that the fee grant would lead to the undoing of the religious side of the school's work. His fears are now overcome, for, although the pupils are judged by the severe standard of the Board School, the Free School has the best average in attendance and results, while the hour and a half of Hebrew and religion with which each day begins has no effect upon the good work done in other directions. The standard of intelligence among the pupils is very high.

Perhaps the influence of Moses Angel and his work is felt in the colonies and provinces as much as in London. Certain it is that during the present century no man has moulded more lives into ways before unknown. Within his sphere of influence the children of the Jewish refugee and outcast have come in their thousands, with no knowledge of civilised life, timid and unhappy. They have left as well equipped as children may be who have to give up education directly they can earn a few weekly shillings to contribute to the wants of their destitute families. From these countless children the best and brightest have become teachers and preachers, and to-day all the provincial Jewish schools, and many of the colonial ones, are headmastered by Mr. Angel's pupils. Thus his personality has been impressed on the first and second generations, and it will probably be handed down from one generation of

teachers to another. The huge alien immigration has sprung up during the consulship of the veteran headmaster, it has augmented the school attendance until to-day the limits are reached, the capacity exhausted, and for one vacancy there are six applications. With this problem Mr. Angel has grappled, and his success in this matter alone would be enough for another man's entire reputation. Yet with him it is but one triumph among many. s.



MR. MOSES ANGEL.

## SCOTLAND v. FRANCE.

While the European-politics mongers are making and unmaking alliances between this country and France, the old friendship between Scotland and the land of "the darned Mounseer" is being slowly but steadily revived. That friendship is of old standing, and inter-influence between the two countries was very marked, as you will soon discover if you read that entertaining but too-little-known book of John Hill Burton, "The Scot Abroad," or Michel's admirable "Les Ecosais en France." Only last week a Franco-Scottish Society was formed in Paris, while the students of the Scots universities, which are truer to the academic model of mediæval France than the French universities themselves, have, of recent years, struck up new bonds of friendship and formed plans of mutual help of the most interesting character.

And now the Scot has met the Frenchman in the football field, and defeated him too. Football is making steady progress across the Channel. In Paris itself there are fourteen clubs, with a membership of some two thousand. The first Rugby matches in Paris were played in the Bois de Boulogne in 1880 and 1882, and since then many English clubs have met the Frenchmen. An epoch was marked by the arrival of an English fifteen (Rosslyn Park) in 1892 and 1895, which defeated the Stade Français on both occasions. In February of last year a French team played matches at Richmond and at Blackheath, and lost each match. The weak point of the Frenchmen's play was in the forwards, who had no idea of keeping the ball; while the passing lacked coolness and combination. The first match against Scotland was played only on Easter Monday, taking place at Bécon-les-Bruyères, before two thousand spectators, the occasion being the first in which the French have placed in the field a selected representative fifteen. The French kicked off, and played a very plucky game, though they were beaten by twenty-one points to nil. The visitors were lustily cheered by the crowd, and a similar compliment was paid to the French team, the Anglo-Saxon "Hurrah" being in their case very conspicuous. The Scotsmen all agreed that they had had a capital game, and were loud in their praises of the play of some of the French forwards, who have made great progress of late. The Scotsmen had brought over the pipes; but it was a case of a lost pibroch, for the chanter, for some reason, wouldn't skirl, so the crowd was robbed of a rare treat, and some piper of a fine chance of showing his skill before a highly appreciative audience.

# SCOTLAND v. FRANCE FOOTBALL MATCH.

*Photographs by Z. Chesi, Rue du Valois, Paris.*

J. Welsh (Touch judge). J. Wilson. W. R. Gibson. J. Ballantyne. Dr. A. Balfour. C. B. Scott. J. Dunne.  
T. Anderson. P. M. Shepherd. J. B. Hatt. H. Stevenson. R. Welsh.



A. K. Bow.

P. G. Dunbar.

T. M. Scott.

Frank Bucher.

SCOTLAND.

P. da Silva.

Bideleux.

Mathoux.

A. F. Todd (Referee).

R. da Silva (Touch judge).

C. Trupel.

Dumaine.

C. Lefebvre.



J. Olivier.  
A. de Pallissaux.

Ellenberger.  
Hadley.

L. Dolet.  
Billings.

H. Amand.

Muret.

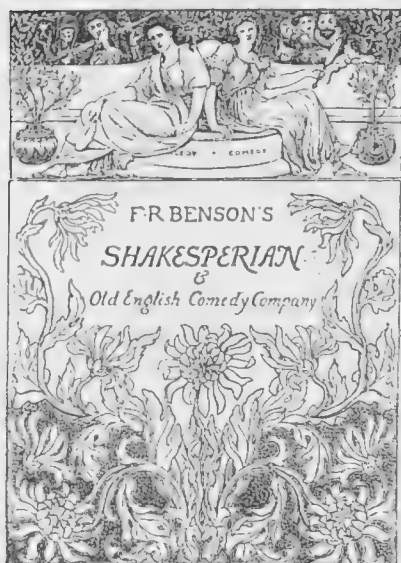
G. Duchamp.

FRANCE.



## THE SHAKSPERE CELEBRATION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Once more, as the sweet o' the year comes in and the meadows of leafy Warwickshire are painted with delight, the quiet little town of Stratford-on-Avon is all astir with the week of festivities attendant on its annual commemoration of



April 23, by conjecture the birthday, and, in fact, the death-day of William Shakspeare. During the present week each hostelry and every available lodging in the old-world town by soft-flowing Avon is filled by the throng of enthusiasts who assemble, from far and near, to do honour to the great poet-dramatist in his native place, and reverent pilgrims pay their pious homage to his memory at each haunt associated, by history or tradition, with the promise of his ardent youth or the calm seclusion of his latter years in all their rich retrospect of noblest fulfilment. This year's festival will leave an added grace with the beautiful church of the Holy Trinity, in the form of a handsome stained-glass window, the

latest tribute of American homage to the poet who there lies at rest in such state that "Kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

The most appropriate honour, however, that can be paid to the dead dramatist must ever be the worthy representation of his plays, and on this score his native town has now for some seventeen years been able to congratulate itself with a yearly increasing pride. The first celebration of Shakspeare's memory in his native place, as distinct from the ordinary performances of his plays by strolling players, was the "Jubilee" promoted by Garrick in the year 1769. The festival was, in its way, a very brilliant affair, but concerned itself less entirely with the Shaksperian drama than more recent celebrations, banquets, balls, and even horse-races, forming a large part of its programme.

The opening of a regular playhouse in 1827 led to the appearance in Stratford of many "stars." Hither came the Keans, father and son, Maeready, Dillon, Mrs. Nisbett, and other players who made the theatrical history of their day. Many of Shakspeare's plays were at this time given by these and less distinguished actors, but after a time the theatre fell on evil days, and at last, in 1872, was bought by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and pulled down, by general approval, in order that the ground which it now cumbered to no sufficient purpose might be restored to its former state as part of the garden belonging to the poet's house. Two festivals were held in 1827 and 1830, which were intended to inaugurate a series to be held at intervals of three years, but the scheme fell through after the second had taken place, although both seem to have been conducted with some brilliancy. Thereafter, all commemoration ceremonies fell into abeyance until 1864, when the tercentenary of the poet's birthday was celebrated by a series of performances of his plays, in which Buckstone, Compton, Creswick, and Sothorn took part. The brilliant success of this festival, which was held in a temporary building erected for the purpose, inspired local enthusiasm with the wish for a more permanent home for future celebrations. At length, in 1879, thanks in great measure to the lavish generosity of the late Mr. Charles Flower, this desire was fulfilled by the opening of the handsome Memorial Theatre, which, as it stands to-day, with its fine library and picture-gallery and its spacious grounds, forms the most appropriate of all possible monuments to the great dramatist's honour. Here the week which enshrines Shakspeare's birthday has each year been observed by the representation of sundry of his plays, of which, indeed, no less than twenty-seven have now been revived.

The opening production was "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Lady Martin, the Helen Faucit of former days, emerged from her retirement and appeared as Beatrice to the Benedick of Barry Sullivan.

Since then a number of distinguished players have occupied the stage at successive festivals, but none, it may be safely said, with more artistic credit than Mr. F. R. Benson, who, with his talented wife and well-trained company, has already been responsible for the initial revivals of no fewer than sixteen out of the twenty-seven plays hitherto produced, and has once more, for the eighth time in eleven years, been invited by the Governing Council of the Memorial Association to give the series of performances at the present festival.

Mr. Benson has, on previous occasions, more than justified the Council's faith in his artistic discretion. His tasteful revivals of a number of the plays of Shakspeare which have long been banished from the boards, undertaken, in past years, at the request of the Council of the Memorial, have appreciably contributed to the growing interest aroused among English and American lovers of Shakspeare by the annual Stratford celebrations. It is customary to make some piece not previously performed on the Memorial stage the chief feature

of the week's programme. Among the earlier of these special revivals by Mr. Benson was one of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which had at that time long been absent from the stage. Then came the charming production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which subsequently formed the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. Benson's noteworthy London season. At the next visit of the company "The Tempest" was given on a similarly extensive scale of scenic effect, with Wilhelm Taubert's suite of incidental music. Many of those who witnessed the performance doubtless still remember the beautiful series of stage-pictures in which the enchanted island was depicted, the grim power of Mr. Benson's Caliban, and the dainty charm of Mrs. Benson's Miranda. "Timon of Athens" formed the chief revival of another year—to the antiquarian mind one of the most interesting of the series, although lacking in attractiveness for the general public, in spite of Mr. Benson's striking performance as the sombre hero. Another year brought "Coriolanus," which was mounted on a most lavish scale, with special scenery and costumes from designs by Mr. Alma-Tadema. From the pictorial point of view, however, perhaps the most notable of the series was "Henry IV., Part II.," which was presented on the occasion of Mr. Benson's last visit with remarkable richness of historical colour. Mr. Benson made a gallant Prince Hal, and Mr. G. R. Weir, one of the few latter-day comedians endowed with the true Shaksperian unction, as Falstaff, added to the laurels which he had already won in the part in "The Merry Wives." A feature of this production was the vivid realism of Mrs. Benson's performance as Doll Tearsheet. The tavern wench's attack on Pistol and her clamorous scuffle with the bailiffs before her exit to prison were rendered with remarkable daring and skill.

Apart from these special revivals, the young actor-manager and his accomplished wife have, in the course of some seven visits to Stratford, run through the whole gamut of the more frequently acted of Shakspeare's plays. Hamlet has tardily avenged his father's murder, and Ophelia has chanted her "snatches of old tunes"; Romeo and Juliet have plighted their tragic troth; Othello has loved the gentle Desdemona not wisely but too well; Mark Antony has swayed the Roman mob to his will; and Richard of Gloucester has passed from his reign of terror to his doom on Bosworth field. In the brighter realm of Comedy, Rosalind has roamed the Forest of Arden in doublet and hose; Malvolio has been fooled in the Illyrian garden; Shylock has been defeated of his bond by the Daniel come to judgment; and Beatrice and Benedick have made a match of their two mad wits.

The present week's play-bill includes "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," and an elaborate revival of "Richard the Second," which has not been seen on any adequate scale since its production by Charles Kean in 1857.

During the last few years Mr. and Mrs. Benson have won a high place in the regard of playgoers by their laudable pursuit of a lofty ideal, and by the studious care and true poetic instinct which distinguish all their work. At the Stratford-on-Avon festivals, in particular, their labours have won the appreciation of the critical; and, at a banquet given in their honour two years ago by the Council of the Memorial Association, a fitting compliment was paid to Mr. Benson in his election to be a Life-Governor of the Memorial.

To all the players who have assisted at one time or another in the Stratford festivals, the privilege must have given fresh impulse and inspiration, and to have been associated with the fine work of the Memorial Council so frequently as Mr. and Mrs. Benson have been must be accounted a most honourable distinction.



THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photo by Gerald Grey, Clifton.



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS OPHELIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY, CORK.





AS ROMEO.

*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*



AS CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE IN "THE RIVALS."

*Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*



AS HAMLET.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



AS SHYLOCK.

*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

MR. F. R. BENSON.



AS LADY MACBETH.  
*Photo by Buckley, Limerick.*



AS JULIET.  
*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*



AS KATHARINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."  
*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



AS DOLL TEARSHEET IN "HENRY IV." (PART II).  
*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

MRS. F. R. BENSON.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE SORDID TRAGEDY OF HELEN BARTON.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

There is a difference, subtle, distinct, yet, perhaps, inexplicable—the face of Helen Barton a year ago, is not her face to-day. Hers was a background figure in that half-farcical sketch of “Justice Wilkinshaw’s Attentions” in my book of “English Episodes.” I pleased myself by picturing, behind the vulgarity and trickiness of one or other of the persons of a trivial drama, the fine, refreshing presence of the tall and suave and violet-eyed book-keeper at the hotel at Scarborough—a woman who was popular, and yet, desirable; a favourite, yet unspoilt. But she is no longer the same. And it is the change in her, and it is nothing else, that constitutes her sordid tragedy.

It is a matter for rejoicing, perhaps, that she may live, indeed—may eat, drink, walk, and sleep, and work, and chatter, too, and pretty often, with a forced or a chance gaiety—for many a long year that seems to casual observation not unprosperous: not void, certainly, of all life’s purchasable pleasures. Hers is a tragedy, no less. She has not, in these twelve months, lost all beauty and all goodness. To have done that would have been difficult. Much had been given her of both, and much remains. Yet there is something—important, undefined—which has essentially altered; for, as you look at her, this certainly you feel—she is another Helen Barton.

If you don’t like her, if she was never sympathetic to you, or, at least, if you have never acquired the habit of observing women closely, you will put it down to health. You will say, “Perhaps this short time since we last saw her, perhaps one bad illness, has made certain ravages. The trace of them may pass!” Or you may say still less, and sagely recognise that the poor girl is tired, or that the weather, with its abrupt transitions, tries Miss Barton like the rest of us. Wide of the mark, anyhow! Her health is but a symptom of her spirit’s condition; fatigue, a mere excuse; the weather, not to be charged with all the mischief that it’s the fashion to believe. These things have wrought no vital change in our still fine-looking young friend, people would still pay court to. You are not at the root of the matter—certainly. Helen Barton keeps her secret.

She has somehow lost heart. If you are one of those who really like her, that you know, though you know nothing else. Her life, it seems, is as a dull machine. The wheels grate dry. Or, more—somewhere a chain has broken, or a mainspring snapped suddenly.

She happens to have changed, a few months since, the place of her abode. Instead of a hotel at Scarborough, the scene of her day’s doings has shifted to a hotel at York. But the company that gathers round her in the evening hours, or in the idle times of the long afternoon, is of the nature that it used to be, and Helen Barton is the recipient now of cheap admiration, now of fervent, transitory regard. The attention paid to her she sometimes wildly encourages. Much oftener, it appears only to bore her; it is so much a matter of course; it does make so little difference; it is the same, practically. And she is sought, perhaps, all the more because it is her habit to be inaccessible.

What, then, is the reason for the occasional transformation of her manner?—for the listlessness, reaching to sadness, and then, again, for the encouragement—“wild,” did I say?—that here and there she offers? Notice her!

Under the influence of great emotion, or of some experience profound and prolonged, the eyes of certain women change their colour. From day to day, as you now notice her, the eyes of Helen Barton change but little. They have changed though, very much, since a year ago. They are good eyes still, undoubtedly—eyes with which, if she were so minded, she could make an appeal effectively. But they are not quite the suave and violet eyes they used to be at Scarborough. The world was in front of them then, and they feared nothing; and they trusted much. They are now of a colder, less bewitching, more ordinary blue—a colour tamer, more effaced. They seem to have a Past in them, that you cannot explain. Put two and two together, though, and sooner or later you will get at her history.

With a character intelligent, yet quite unintellectual—with small capacity for solid thought, and a great power of feeling keenly, through a frame magnificent and splendidly attuned—Helen Barton may not, in the medical phrase, have been “a favourable subject” for an attack of love-fever. Her life, perhaps, travelled upon lines too few to give her average chances of diversion and escape. She was a handsome girl, and healthy—so organised, indeed, that she could scarcely fail to like the passing pleasures of the hour and day. She stuck to her work admirably—was wonderfully exact in her accounts; but accounts are scarcely fascinating. She had never read one good book steadily, or loved Nature, or cared for any Art. Had, then, that love-fever, attacking her, found her resourceless? And she who, not a flirt at all, and counting, as it seemed, so little on the admiration of many—had she come, one day, to set tremendous store on the admiration of one?

It would be hazarding too much, perhaps, to say such admiration had been given and had been withdrawn: some coveted care, some superficial appreciation, at least—with tawdry show of passion—bestown and suddenly ended. Part of the change in Helen Barton might be explained by that, anyhow. But the student of the young woman, as she lives and suffers to-day—though why do I say “suffers,” when all that is quite evident is that she is often intolerably bored, and sometimes inconsistently eager, and is not quite as beautiful?—the student of this

young woman must not expect “a lead” too obvious in the solution of her problem. The tone (half flippant, is it not?) of that last sentence already jars on me. For, when I think of Helen Barton’s face as it is to-day, so sad, it seems, in its absence of all deep satisfaction; the elasticity of youthful nature hardly there any longer; the spring and heart of the woman so much gone.

I am, it happens, on somewhat confidential terms with a waiter at Scarborough. He is a waiter at the inn Miss Barton has now left. And having a real interest in her—liking her genuinely, and being sorry for whatever may have happened amiss—I said to him, a week ago, with a seductive frankness intended to elicit information, “Williams, I saw Miss Barton the other day, at York. She was not the thing at all, I thought. I was sorry for it.”

He held aloft a plate, which, if I had not spoken, he would by this time have laid upon the opposite table; and the quick movement of his figure was arrested.

“She ‘ave lost a deal of her good looks since she left here, sir. But she ‘ave been in Scarborough, off and on. ‘Come over for the day, perhaps. Dear me, she ‘ave lost some of her good looks. She just have!”

He gazed into space, blankly, and I assumed an expression pleasantly receptive of what confidences might be forthcoming. But discretion—perhaps even an exaggerated view of that importance of reticence upon essentials, and of communicativeness on non-essentials, which is ever a dominating instinct in the trained waiter—bade him pause.

“I can’t say how it come to pass.”

He was busy with his preparation of the luncheon-table. The thought of that—as he would have me understand—possessed his soul. Nothing else. Suddenly he relented.

“Before she left this house, I thought she were gone dotty. She was dream-like, and used to make mistakes in all the bills. Would forget this, and forget that—used to add the things up wrong. I’ve understood. Clean gone, I should have said she was, sometimes. Gone dotty. But there! I suppose ‘tis so with them. Females, when they get caught, is like that sometimes.”

He said no more. But what his words implied set me again meditating upon the saddened face at the hotel at York—the face still fine, though with the soft radiance gone out of the eyes for ever, and the forced, unnatural laughter.

Next day, at lunch, at that hotel of whose bar, or of whose glazed book-keeper’s office, Helen Barton had been the admirable ornament, the dining-room door opened—revealed three Airedale terriers, extended on the floor-cloth in the hall outside. Williams, my waiter, glanced at them, and then at me, and he forgot his discretion.

“They belongs to Mr. Brackenbury. He ‘ave just gone into the bar—be talking to the young lady. They will lie quiet there, all three of ‘em, till he comes out, sir. That won’t be for a good bit yet—when he goes riding. He can stick on a horse. Mr. Brackenbury,” he added, looking at me solemnly; “it was him and Miss Barton as used to be such——” He waited for a minute, weighing his word gravely. “Such chums, sir!” he exclaimed almost triumphantly, satisfied to have found his way round a difficult point. “‘Tis to be hoped this other young woman won’t listen to him quite as ready as Miss Barton did. He had no difficulty there, sir, I’m afraid. She was so gone on him—though I should never have thought it of her. Oh, never in the world! She was a very nice girl, too. And a fine girl. And, with it all, so simple. And she do come over here, as I told you, sometimes of a Sunday. I see her here o’ Sunday week. She’s friendly, still, with more than one of our people. And she pops her head in at the bar-window, where she used to sit, and asks that party—so I hear—how Mr. Brackenbury is (he never sees her now), and if he carries on with the other one—that is, the new book-keeper—same as he did with her. She’s dead set on him, and would, as lief as not, come back here, if they’d take her, notwithstanding all—so they tells me—so only she could see him. ‘I should like to come back,’ she says. ‘What I want, is to come back to Scarborough. There’s no getting away from that,’ she says; ‘I want to come back to Scarborough.’ That’s what she says; and that means him, of course. Pining for him, like. And you’d ‘a’ think, sir, that he’d remember the past, wouldn’t you? Much does he care for her!”

The waiter left me for the regions of the still-room or the pantry. Through the door, opened more widely, there came the sound of laughter in the bar—Mr. Brackenbury “carrying on.” I again meditated on that disastrous fascination he had in one case exercised. What was he like? And what, beyond a certain outward manliness and some indescribable or undiscoverable affinity with her, had given him his fatal power over the beautiful Miss Barton? How much she had believed in him!

Presently a footstep, persistent, loud, and self-assertive, was audible in the hall. The three terriers got up all together. And with another laugh and a word thrown loudly, their master, young and bulky, prosperous and idle, sublimely satisfied with himself and everything about him, questioning nothing under Heaven—the kindness of no action, the justice of no impulse, for what was justice or what was kindness to him?—with another laugh, then, and a word thrown loudly, the terriers’ master strode out into the town.

So that was Mr. Brackenbury!

Through the window I looked upon the author of the sordid tragedy, his broad and brutal back disappearing down the main street.

“God does not pay at the end of every day,” says the Spanish proverb; “but, in the end, God *does* pay.”

## THE NEW "ROBERT BURNS." \*

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is most difficult to know where to draw the line in the matter of minute biographical and literary research. Many students pore microscopically over the lives and works of Burns, Keats, and Shelley; to Byron and Scott the microscope is more sparingly applied. Whatever



ROBERT BURNS.—NASMYTH.  
From an Etching by W. Hoë, R.S.A.

we know, we ought to know accurately, of course; but is it worth while to spend infinite labour over the history of every man, woman, and child who has been mentioned in connection with Burns?

When the volume containing Mr. Henley's biographical essay on Burns appears, we shall know what he thinks about this and a number of other questions. Meanwhile, the first volume of his and Mr. Henderson's edition of the Poems has appeared, and, to one who has dabbled in *Burnsiana* at various times, it seems almost, or quite, an exemplary edition. The book is a pleasure to look at, to handle, and to read in. The embellishments, as the portraits, are excellent. The paper and print are beyond praise. The pages are unbroken by distracting notes; the glossary is given in the margin; the critical and illustrative notes are at the end. The plan adopted is precisely what it should be. The various readings are numerous and, naturally, interesting. The illustrative notes are full and minute. Objections have been urged against the genealogy given of the Fintry family: if the objections hold good, there is opportunity for a correction in one of the later volumes. A few renderings in the glossary are censured. "Scaur" is translated "a jutting rock." On the Border we usually, if not always, use "seaur" of a broken bank above a river, where there has at some time, perhaps, been a little landslip, and the soil is left bare. The other use of the word may prevail elsewhere. I might play the pedant over a few other words, but there are plenty of such minute philologists, and linguistic usages may vary in different districts. A most valuable part of the notes deals with the origin and traditional descents from Provençal, Old French, and Old English, of Burns's metres. To some readers the space devoted to this topic may seem excessive. They may easily "skip" the few pages devoted to it by Mr. Walter Raleigh and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Everything is of interest which illustrates Burns as a continuator of poetical tradition. But for him the long line from the early balladists, Dunbar, the Beltnes family, Gilbertfield, Ramsay, Fergusson, might have been broken. Since Burns, regular Scotch poetry has had no greater proficient than Hogg, Motherwell, Tannahill, and Mr. Louis Stevenson. "No Burns, no Hogg," is a law of nature, and Hogg, I am convinced, is far too much depreciated at present. Scotland has produced, in sequence to Burns, no great poet, for Scott is not one of his tribe, and is independent of him. But a large number of writers of the second or third class, and many minor poets

who have received solace from and given some pleasure by their songs, would probably, but for Burns, have been silent. He is a link in a ringing golden chain—the largest, strongest, most richly gemmed link; he is not an isolated nugget. He occupies the place which his patriotic soul desired, *musæ lampada tradit*. He received, and he handed on, a traditional inspiration; he cherished a flame which, on Fergusson's death, was like to expire on the altar of the Hyperborean Apollo. So immense has been his vogue that some of his countrymen are apt, in their "facetious and rejoicing ignorance," to forget his predecessors, whom he never forgot, and to ignore his successors.

The edition of Messrs. Henley and Henderson is a protest against this narrow, unhistorical, unpoetical view, though perhaps no protest is very likely to be successful. The editors justify the minute copiousness of their commentary by alleging, what is true, that Burns was "the singer and satirist of a parish," and that his many parochial allusions must be elucidated. One cannot quarrel with this position, though I own that I think we lose little even if we remain in the dark about many parochial matters.

What would interest, at least one reader, more, would be a "Century of Praise" of Burns, such as has been compiled about Shakspeare. I do not mean extracts from speeches delivered in the "myriad-mutchkined enthusiasm" of Burns dinners. But the essential comments of great writers who have felt, in their various ways, the influence of Burns, and have spoken their minds about him, might be collected into a convenient volume. Perhaps it would not remunerate the publisher, still, probably many persons might like to have it on their shelves. There is praise enough to choose from—praise of Cowper, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Scott, Hogg, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Carlyle, a little of Wilson, a good deal of Lockhart, whether from his biography of Burns or from his "Peter's Letters." From Henry Mackenzie to Mr. Watson there have been admirers enough, vocal and sincere. Their comments, showing how the influence of Burns's poetry has affected good writers, would really be more important matter, and matter more pleasant, than chatter about Jean Armour and Highland Mary. As Keats hints, Burns's poems make a biography of Burns almost superfluous. The poems he wrote, not the brats he begat, or the hearts he damaged, or the mutchkins he drank, are the thing essential, and not wholly unessential are the echoes of



HALLOWE'EN.

From an Etching by W. Hoë, R.S.A.

those poems in the hearts of his peers. As a rural Don Juan and tavern convivialist, Burns had many counterparts, and will always have them. As a genius his counterparts are rather more rare. It were better to read and enjoy him, in the grubbiest edition, than to skip the poems and batten on the most learned and elaborate notes. Still, he deserves notes, learned and elaborate, like other classics in other tongues, and he is getting his deserts more richly and elegantly presented in this beautiful edition than elsewhere.

\* "Robert Burns." Edited by W. E. Henley and T. J. Henderson. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.



## THE AUTHOR OF "MALAY SKETCHES."

A CHAT WITH MR. F. A. SWETTENHAM, C.M.G.

In Mr. Frank Athelstane Swettenham, the new Resident-General of the protected Malay States, the mysterious Malay Peninsula has found its ablest administrator and best-informed exponent. Of Mr. Swettenham's capability as a ruler, his work in Malaya during the last twenty-five years is sufficient witness; for proof of his skill to interpret the land of his



MR. F. A. SWETTENHAM.  
Photo by Mayall and Co., Ltd., Piccadilly.

adoption one has only to turn to his weird and delightful "Malay Sketches," published the other day at the Bodley Head. In a week or two Mr. Swettenham returns to the East, to take up greatly extended duties.

But, in spite of manifold engagements, he found time to receive a *Sketch* representative the other afternoon at the Sports Club.

Our conversation turned upon the new Oriental tributary to English literature, and this led Mr. Swettenham incidentally to the confession that many of his "Malay Sketches" were written actually on the spot where they were supposed to have occurred. It led him, also, to tell me something more interesting still.

Mr. Swettenham handed me a copy of his book, bound in a rich and curious fashion.

"Perhaps you may care to see this," he remarked. "These embossed silver plates, which now form the boards of the book, are of very old Malay workmanship. The age is probably nearer three than two hundred years. The complete design is not visible, as it had partly to be covered by the leather binding."

To the layman in things Malayan the book suggested, at least, an appropriate Oriental splendour; but that was not the whole matter. Mr. Swettenham went on to unfold a deeper symbolism.

"It was," he said, "a little conceit of my own to have the work bound in this way. These oblong silver plates were originally the ends of a pillow, one of the peculiar Malay pillows with every side a rectangular parallelogram and covered with gold-embroidered silk fabrics. Well, it seemed to me that, in the course of two or three centuries, many weird tales had been told, perhaps enacted, between these two pieces of silver; so I thought it would not be inappropriate that my stories should be laid between them."

"But," continued Mr. Swettenham, laying aside his book, which is poetical even to the binding, and taking up a more matter-of-fact looking volume, "this is the work I'm perhaps prouder of than any other, although I'd only a share in it—the Malay Dictionary, which I've been compiling with Mr. Clifford. This represents some eight years' labour, and yet we've got only as far as B. The character is pure Arabic, with a few symbols peculiar to Malayan. The language is not allied to any other, although it has drawn words from Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, and Chinese."

Then Mr. Swettenham showed me some examples of the Malay pantun, that curious little four-line stanza, rhymed in the second and fourth lines, of which the first two lines mean really nothing. The sting is in the tail. One of the best-known teaches that, if an inch is given, there is no need to take an ell. "It is true," says the pantun, "that I am sitting on your lap, but do not for that reason think you will be allowed to take liberties." A very pretty one concludes—

Thou hast been long a-wandering,  
stranger;  
She that waits for thee is counting  
the days.

"Is there any Malay national epic?" I asked.

"There is a mythical account of the origin of the race. The legend tells of a people sprung from the vomit of a cow, and, curiously enough, there is still a privileged class known as 'cow-vomit.' Those who can claim pure descent from this stock are held in some degree of honour. There is, however, nothing equivalent to caste, although the Malays are careful that equals should marry equals."

"In the growing prosperity of the country, does wealth not confer position?"

"Not at all. A man may have gold and yet be of no account. 'He has not a kris of renown,' the native will say. 'What can gold do for him?'"

"A kris of renown?" I asked. "Is the blade, then, a source of honour? Does the kris itself acquire fame?"

"Most certainly. First, the kris may have an intrinsic worth. To be a good one, it must have the proper number of indentations, and all the lucky measurements. The mere possession of such a weapon gives a man a good start. Then, most likely, he uses it well, slays forty or fifty people, and so the reputation of weapon and owner is increased. Everyone covets the kris, but no one will dare to possess himself of it. Stories get abroad that the owner can slay by the merest touch of the weapon, and the man becomes a terror. People flee at his approach. One day, perhaps, he may be shot at from behind a tree; but, even then, the gun may miss fire, or the marksmanship may be poor. So, in that case, there's another feather in the lucky man's cap and more honour to the kris. But all this rather applies to the past than the present, at any rate in the Protected States, for the carrying of arms is forbidden."

"When a Malay does acquire wealth, he is often very ready to throw it about, displaying sometimes a peculiar form of purse-pride. One good fellow I know—a sad gallant, by the way; that's his great extravagance—was recently taken before the Sultan for violent assault and battery on a fellow-countryman. The trouble arose from the usual cause. In order to avoid scandal, the case was not brought before the ordinary courts, as the Sultan said he would decide it privately. He read the accused a terrible lecture, and fined him two thousand dollars, giving him a month to pay up. The culprit salaamed, thanked his Highness, and whispered to a friend, 'That's all right; I was afraid he'd fine me fifty cents!' He paid his fine within a week."

Then Mr. Swettenham showed me many interesting photographs from the country he understands so thoroughly. I asked if he could spare any picture for *The Sketch*, preferably one whereby there hung a tale; so he at once took me at my word, and offered me a photograph of his pet tiger. That excellent animal is now, alas! only a blessed memory, for so disgusted was he at being photographed that he straightway sickened and died.

Before saying good-bye, Mr. Swettenham took me over to Tiffany's to see the diamonds he has had set for the Sultan of Perak. There were four jewelled devices—three with the star and crescent, to be worn in a lady's dress or hair; one larger star and aigrette, for the royal cap. The jewels, which were designed by the Sultan's wife, are an exquisite testimony to that lady's skill as a decorative artist.



MR. SWETTENHAM'S PET TIGER.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Don't you know this little boy, Mabel? Why don't you notice him?"

"Well, you see, Auntie, I danced with him six times at our party, and I'm afraid people are beginning to talk!"



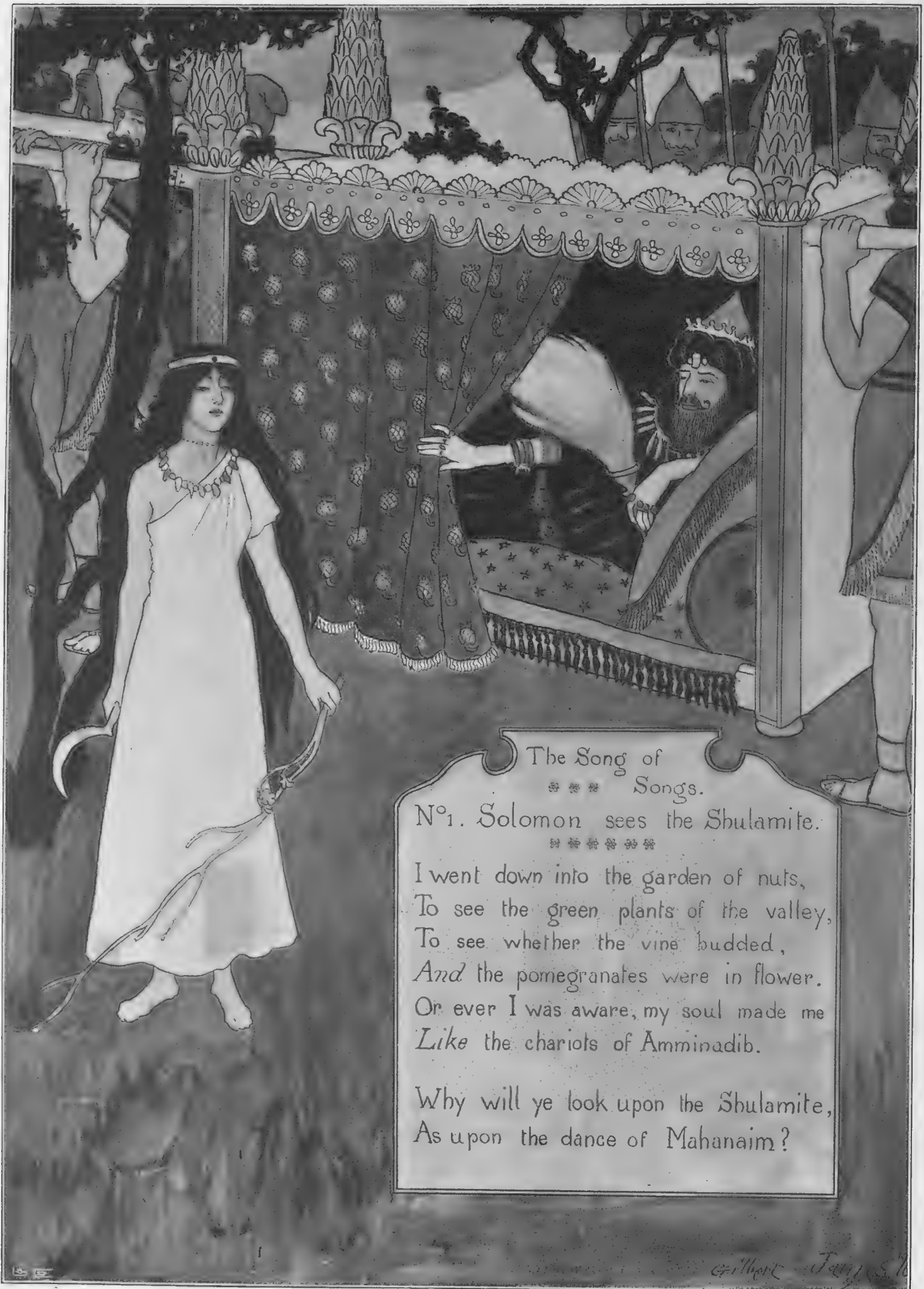


THE ARREST.



"I NEVER THOUGHT THE ENGLISH COULD BE SO FUNNY."





## BEHIND THE SCENES.

## IV.—THE GAIETY THEATRE.

The stage of the Gaiety Theatre is to the very modern genus "Johnny" at once a Mecca and a feast of Tantalus. This is a wicked "derangement of epitaphs," as Mrs. Malaprop would have said, but it can be justified. The Gaiety stage is the masher's Mecca; his eyes are continually turned towards it, and yet he is always kept from the idols of his heart by a few yards of intervening space. Herein lies the suggestion of Tantalus, which I forbear from amplifying. Nightly the worshippers beset the shrine of the Sacred Lamp, and on the stage the maidens whisper that What's-his-name is in front again this evening. So things have been, so will they be till all burlesques end. And such is fame—to the genus "Johnny."

To the initiated, reverence and enthusiasm are alike denied. When we went to the Gaiety—armed, by courtesy of George Edwardes, with a sop for the actor-managerial, box-official, and stage-managerial heads of

Cerberus—our path was free. We followed Mr. Marshall to the side of the stalls, past dense crowds of the young and gilded; an unexpected door yielded to the persuasions of a funny key, and we were on the stage in less time than Oberon's leviathan would have taken to swim across the Strand. For a moment, as though to contradict an eminent phrenologist who declares that I have a hollow in my head where the bump of veneration should be, I stood still and allowed a host of memories to blot out all recognition of the performance in progress, in spite of the fact that our presence was evidently causing some surprise and more amusement.

Where I stood, Kate Vaughan had rested on the nights when the light of her fame was at its best and brightest; here Letty Lind had

passed, fresh from the provinces, with all her world to conquer; Connie Gilchrist had brought London to her feet, and Sylvia Grey had danced our hearts away. Here, too, Florence St. John, Marion Hood, Grace Pedley, and others, had sung the pretty songs written by Meyer Lutz in the days of his consulship; here Nellie Farren had listened to her "boys" as they woke every echo in the house. Arthur Roberts, E. J. Lonnen—just returned from South Africa—poor Fred Leslie, and George Stone—all had paused in their exits where I stood, and had been compelled to return to sing or dance again. Visions of "Frankenstein," "Little Jack Sheppard," "Monte Cristo Junior," "Faust Up to Date," "Ruy Blas," and "Carmen" came in

expressionless. There was a solemnity of shirt-front and eye-glass quite overwhelming, while the occupants of the boxes in the light reflected upon them might have inspired Jan van Beers. It was pleasure that brought the Johnny to the Gaiety stalls, but he felt he was performing a solemn duty as well.

The first sensation connected with the performance was one of surprise at the costume. Nineteenth-century dress had succeeded for once the absence of dress peculiar to the century of Gaiety burlesques. On the prompt side, the "stage beauties" were collecting for their entry in such costume as they might wear in the street. What would an old-time Gaiety girl think of such a condition of things, I wonder? In days of old, the management did not inflict such a strain upon the imagination of its patrons. Perhaps, in *le temps jadis* the "boys" were less cultivated.

The first act of "The Shop-Girl" yields little or nothing descriptive to the watchers in the wings. Everybody knows his business by heart, for the piece has run more than a year; there is nothing startling or new to provide the emergencies that sometimes give rise to the biggest hit of the evening. So it was sufficient to wander round the stage and chat with dainty Katie Seymour or Miss Haydon, the pretty and refined heroine of the piece. Finally, Lionel Mackinder had a long wait, and I adjourned to his dressing-room for a chat. His rise has been wonderfully



THE SHOP-GIRL.



THE STAGE, SKETCHED FROM THE WINGS.



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

battalions, and would, perhaps, have stopped, had I not been too busy to entertain them. After all, things had not altered much. Just across the lights, past the orchestra and Ivan Caryll, who was directing it, the men sat as they have been sitting for so many years, immaculate and

sudden. It seems but yesterday that I heard him sing in T. R. Back Drawing-room, and that he was delighting Oxford and Cambridge with a piece called "The Babes." Last Christmas-time he was in a Brighton pantomime; to-day he is almost at the top of the theatrical tree, under a long engagement to George Edwardes, with one or two companies of his own in the provinces, and huge offers to visit America. He deserves the success he has achieved, for his heart and soul are in his work, and I cannot name his equal as an eccentric dancer, although I have not forgotten that Willie Warde, Fred Storey, and others are yet upon the stage, and that clever Edmund Payne is recovering from his long illness and has faced the footlights again. Mackinder adds to marvellous agility so perfect a command over his limbs that the most difficult actions seem natural and spontaneous. Moreover, his native talent in singing, acting, and dancing is quite independent of vulgarity, and his performance throughout is free from the taint of the "low" comedian.

With the termination of the first act, the old Gaiety traditions asserted themselves, and I began to realise that our evening would not be spent in vain. This was evident from the moment when Mr. Hooghly's stores were rifled by the army of stage-hands, which moved rapidly to and fro, taking all the paraphernalia to pieces. As shelves and counters receded into dim corners, the cloths of the Japanese bazaar scene came flapping down from above like some wide-winged bird, while portions of kiosks and pavilions followed suit, and high up in the flies the workmen could be seen hard at their labours. Soon shapely women, in the traditional



Gaiety attire, which was probably originated for summer wear only, came from their dressing-rooms, and either armed themselves with their respective "props," or sat down in the little green-room and looked at a copy of *The Sketch* on the table, or crowded round Mr. Fielders, the patient and clever stage-manager, whose kindness and courtesy were extended to me some years ago when I was on the journalistic threshold. With the change of dress came a change of lighting, giving the stage the old, familiar appearance; and when the curtain rose on the second act, it might have been an old-time burlesque instead of a musical comedy that was in progress. There was a combined sparkle of eyes and diamonds, a *front-front* of scant but delicate drapery, as someone came off singing or went on smiling. Presently there came a bevy of fair women and brave men to the "prompt" side, to sing the chorus of Miss Haydon's song in the wings. A red-coated chorus-master climbed on a chair and directed proceedings. The effect in the dim light was charming, and the voices were well trained and duly sympathetic. From the artistic point of view, it was, perhaps, the best group of the evening, although those in the auditorium saw nothing of it.

From the front, several of the dresses, or suggestions of dresses, looked somewhat daring, but on the stage they appeared quiet enough.



SINGING THE CHORUS TO "LOUISIANA LOO."

There was such a thoroughly business-like air about proceedings, time and space were so admirably managed and meted out, that a Sunday School meeting, or a prize-distribution at a girls' school, could not have been more free from offence. And as the evening grew late, and the performers warmed to their work, they seemed to be absolutely in sympathy with the audience. Almost since the reign of John Hollingshead the demand has been for up-to-date brightness, for catchy music, topical songs, and pretty faces. Only the low-comedy parts have disappeared, or rather, changed, and the humour of quick change, ineptitude, red nose, and impossible trousers has gone to its well-earned rest. He would be a bold man who would disturb its repose.

But there was nothing further on the stage to yield "copy." The performance itself was for the front of the house to see: there were no startling exits or entrances; the tiny green-room was too crowded to be comfortable. So, with a sigh for the days when such feats were easy of accomplishment, I climbed an almost perpendicular ladder, and, after an apparently endless journey, arrived among the "flies." There the real prose of Stagedom was to be seen. Down below, although everybody was busy, there was no sense of physical labour; but here the men might, in their busiest moments, have been serving her Majesty against their private inclinations.

In a world of cords, levers, and pulleys, men directed the setting of the scenes and the raising or lowering of curtains. To their efforts stage lightning and thunder would respond when necessary, and the huge machinery of the stage was practically ruled by their muscles. Below us sections of stage and auditorium were alike distinct, and secrets of head-lights, foot-lights, and limelights stood revealed. There was no glamour about such a scene. Mr. Gradgrind himself could not have asked for a more absolute fact. The patient men bending over their limelight, the stage-manager in mufti, the stage-hands standing ready in their corners—all these things contrasted with the glitter and brightness of the stage. And in the auditorium but one side of the picture was seen, and the whole audience was rocking with laughter over the final discomfiture of Mr. Hooghly and the strange manners of his shop-girl bride.

I was still up in the direction of heaven when all the company came upon the stage for the finale. There were all the vivid contrasts of shape, size, colour, and costume, intensified by the seeming confusion, and an increase of enthusiasm due to the proximity of the curtain. At a given signal down it came, and then strong arms drew it skywards for one more brief moment, as though to give the eyes above the sea of shirt-front one last fond look. Then, as it came down again, the stage was deserted by all its attractions, and only the workmen were left to reduce the once fair bazaar to ruins. By the time I reached the stage the auditorium was empty, the T-pieces were alight, and the holland coverings were being placed over the cushioned seats.

Since writing this article, several changes have been made at the Gaiety. Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks have replaced Ethel Haydon and Lionel Mackinder. The last-named has at time of writing taken up the part vacated by Edmund Payne, whose re-appearance after a long illness was so lamentably brief. Other alterations in the constitution of the company have taken place from time to time. Mr. Malone now looks after the stage, *vice* Mr. Fielders; but in the front of the house the crowd and the enthusiasm are as they were, and the charms of "The Shop-Girl" show no sign of waning. Indeed, there are rumours of third editions. Apparently, the shareholders have had their seven years of famine and are destined to enjoy a long period of prosperity. If I saw any Gaiety shares lying about doing nothing, my tendency to pick them up and take care of them would not be entirely philanthropic.

## SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

V.—BRIXTON.

A-holdin' ladies' parcels  
And a-tyin' up their dawgs,  
And admirin' of their beauty—  
Oh, it's fine to be on duty,  
Mighty fine to be on duty  
As 'all-porter at a draper's  
In the land of yaller fogs.

They're so pertickler lovin'  
Are the 'ole 'cadquarter staff;  
They're as lovin' as a lawyer,  
And they bank yer wages for yer,  
They *do* bank yer wages for yer,  
And they fines you in their kindness—  
It's enough to make one larf.

I'd rather be a privit'  
Out in Injia's coril strand,  
In the 'very 'ottest weather,  
When yer tongue gets jist like leather,  
Like a bit of dried-up leather,  
Than be doin' nigger's duty  
In my bloomin' native land.

Blow yer songs about Old England,  
And what 'eroes soldiers are,  
That the music-'alls delight in!—  
I've done *my* small share of fightin',  
Done a tidy bit of fightin'  
With the Pathans in the passes  
On the way to Candahar.

Of course, the country's grateful,  
And they show it in this way:  
They dismiss yer on a pension  
Which I'd 'ardly like to mention,  
It's by far too large to mention,  
And you come home in the troopship  
To run errands all the day.

Troop-Serjeant of his rig'ment  
Bein' ordered 'ere and there,  
Like a bloomin' raw recruity—  
Oh, I'm proud to be on duty,  
Very proud to be on duty  
In the bastard service tunic  
Of Alf Smith, commissionaire!—GILBERT BURGESS.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Mr. Lyeurgus Burrows, is the well-known full-back of the Tottenham Hotspur F.C., and one of the smartest men to be found in that onerous position. Born at Ashton-under-Lyne on June 26, 1875, Burrows



MR. L. BURROWS.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

commenced his football career in Govan, with the Melrose. Thence he went to Sheffield, playing there with his school team, St. John's, until leaving for Woolwich, where he joined the local Polytechnic. Subsequently, he made a few appearances on behalf of the Woolwich Arsenal, and, as a matter of fact, assisted that professional team before he was sixteen years of age. As a back, he is very strong and dashing, and has earned a great name in the Southern district. Burrows stands 5 ft. 9½ in., and weighs 12 st. 10 lb.

With the decision of the final tie of the Football Association Cup on Saturday the season may be said to have closed. Of course, in the North and Midlands, and, in point of fact, in professional circles, the game will linger on until the last day allowed by the authorities. One can hardly blame the clubs for this hankering after the pound

of flesh. Rather should we blame the system which has raised the salaries of professionals to princely proportions.

At the present time, football professionals are undoubtedly better paid than cricket professionals, and their work is not so hard. Generally speaking, cricketers are paid a uniform wage, but the salaries of some footballers differ largely from those of others. The cause of the rise in football salaries is, of course, the increased popularity of the game. Where tens used to attend a match, hundreds now go. This bred a spirit of keen competition among the clubs to secure the best article in the market, and, naturally, the best article goes where it is best paid for.

In cricket a player can only represent the county of his birth, or, if he would play for another county, then he must first "qualify"—that is to say, he must have resided in that county for two years before playing for it. There are no such restrictions in football. Birth is not a qualification, for, as a matter of fact, the majority of professional footballers are Scotsmen. A player must play the moment he is bought, and, all parties being agreeable, he may assist a different club directly after. And then it is permissible to buy him back again. No cricketer, on any pretext, can play for two different counties in the same season.

Now that we are on the eve of "dissolution," we may look forward to the prospects of next season. On all hands we are assured that the season of 1896-7 will see football at its highest water-mark. The South is especially hopeful. The South has a great deal to do to get on a level with the North in the matter of skill, but it is certainly going the right way to work in forming leagues. The only danger is in the tendency to overdo it. A league is all very well in its way, and is the one thing which will bring the standard of play to a higher level, but to have this end it must be a rational league and be sensibly conducted, otherwise it will have quite a contrary effect.

The Southern League has undoubtedly improved football in the South, but that was only because football in the South was capable of easy improvement. In itself the Southern League has not been a great success. During its first season it was a case of Millwall first and the rest nowhere. Once have the Championship assured at the outset and the competition is doomed to failure. Millwall again won this season, but that was not because of the impotency of their rivals, but because of their own brilliance. Still, at best, there are only three clubs in the Southern League which could have had a chance, and at least two of the ten competitors began without a vestige of hope. Next year the competition will be extended, but extension alone will not work for good.

The Pioneer Football team have their headquarters at King William's Town, Cape Colony, and are the winners of both the cups played for by the Border Association teams last season. The Charity Cup was presented by Messrs. E. Bryant, of King William's Town, and D. Rees, Mayor of East London, the proceeds of gates to be distributed among charities in both towns, and the results have been most satisfactory. The Association Cup has now been won by the Pioneers twice. Both cups are keenly competed for by the Border teams, and the Pioneers were the winners last year with an unbroken record, having won all their matches. The Soccer game is becoming very popular throughout the Cape Colony, and King William's Town has been selected as the centre during next season for a big tournament, in which some seven teams, representing all the important Association clubs between Cape Town and Natal, as well as Johannesburg, will compete for the Currie Cup.

## CRICKET.

Although the cricket season proper does not commence before May, the merry sound of bat on ball is already heard. This should be a great and memorable season. A visit from Australia would in itself assure the success of an English season; but, with all due deference to our Colonial cousins, we may take it that quite as much interest, to say no more, will centre in the County Cricket Championship as in the "friendly" doings of the Cornstalks.

I am afraid that the prospects of Sussex are no brighter than usual. Of course, much depends upon the nature of the wickets, for on dry ground the Sussex bowlers are less harmful than warm butter. Sussex possess such a fine string of batsmen that it is quite a pity to see the team lose matches solely because the other side cannot be got out. A spell seems to hang over all Sussex bowlers. There is no doubt that the run-getting quality of the Hove ground has much to do with their ineffectuality at home; perhaps it is their modest reputation which prevents them taking wickets on other grounds.

To think that Sussex commands the services of such batsmen as W. L. Murdoch, W. Newham, G. Brann, Bean, Marlow, and Prince Ranjitsinhji, and then cannot rise from their lowly position! Ranjitsinhji has proved simply a gold-mine; and yet it seems that Fate has played Sussex a practical joke in not making Kumar Shri a bowler. I am sorry to hear that Mr. G. L. Wilson is not expected back from Australia. The famous old Oxonian, after starting brilliantly last season, was suddenly stricken down, and from that moment Sussex, who had also begun promisingly, fell away to nothing.

It is difficult to speak of the prospects of the Universities. Cambridge, whose victory last year was regarded as a fluke—when is a 'Varsity success not a fluke?—are to receive invaluable help from G. L. Jessop, the Gloucesterian. The presence of a really good first-class bowler in a 'Varsity team is quite invaluable, and may not unlikely turn the tide of fortune. Frank Mitchell, of Yorkshire, will be captain, while the Oxford captain is Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, the young Surreyite, who is one of the dashing order of batsmen.

## GOLF.

I am pleased to hear that Hugh Kirkcaldy, who has been installed resident professional at Sillioth, is in good trim. Taylor, the open champion, in describing his match with Kirkcaldy, remarks, "The last hole one should, as a rule, be content to get in four, and, playing to this, we both put our seconds into the green, about ten yards from it. Kirkcaldy promptly put his ball down, getting the hole in three, while I took four, making a very sensational finish to the match, and leaving us all square on the day's play." Kirkcaldy won the second match by 78 to 83.

I am informed that the Tom Morris subscription-list is soon to be closed. The amount already received is £1250.

Next Saturday the Wimbledon Ladies' Club hold their spring meeting, to end on the following Saturday, the Monday and Friday being left out. A fine list of prizes is announced.

The newly appointed committee of the Ladies' Golf Links at Biarritz consists of Miss Watts, Mrs. Elwyn, Mrs. Roller, Miss May Priolean, Miss Brooke, and Mrs. Hambro.

OLYMPIAN.



THE PIONEERS FOOTBALL TEAM.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The catering at Epsom is, as it has been for some years, under the management of the Directors of the Grand Stand Association, and, although the prices are stiff, the menu is a good one. A well-known literary gentleman, who held a commission during the Crimean War, tells a funny story of the champagne once sold at Epsom. It seems that during the war a parcel of cheap wine was used on the battle-field, but the officers fought shy of it. When the war was over and the gentleman before-referred to visited Epsom at the next anniversary of the Derby, he was surprised to find the late Mr. Dorling introducing to his friends, as a very "choice wine," the rejected of the Crimea; but, strange to say, according to the officer, the wine had much improved in flavour by travelling.

The City and Suburban has, unfortunately, fallen flat, but the race may be an exciting one after all. Unfortunately, too many of the big handicaps come together at this period of the year, and the consequence is, owners can play the game of bluff with their horses. I think now that Worcester has a great chance of winning the City, although the horse's running last year was disappointing in the extreme. Several writers dubbed Worcester a rogue when he ran at Lewes, but this was not true, as the horse was practically left at the post, and my own opinion is that the tales about rogues are mostly so many fictions. It is strange that I seldom come across a rogue in the equine line.

Sandown Park should prove a big draw this week, as the Prince of Wales has intimated his intention of being present. When the Prince has decided to go to Sandown, three or four specimen luncheon menus are submitted to the Equerry at Marlborough House overnight, that the Prince may choose his own favourite luncheon, which is seldom without prawns and plovers' eggs. The Royal Stand at Sandown Park is connected by telephone with the station-master's office at Esher Station. It is, however, a pity that the Royal Stand is not open to the use of members of the Sandown Club when the Prince is not at the meeting.

Very little up to now has been written about the Guineas candidates, but everything points to a good race, at least, for the Two Thousand. St. Frusquin is in form, and the Newmarket touts think the colt cannot be beaten; but I shall stick to my guns and go for Regret, for this reason: the Middle Park Plate running showed that St. Frusquin was not more than 6 lb. better than Omladum, who, I am told, is quite 18 lb. behind Regret, and always has been. In the One Thousand I think Omladum the best to follow. The filly is very forward, and she has done all that has been asked of her in a home trial.

The Jubilee Stakes is, as I have before stated, likely to be the best speculating medium of the year. The rank-and-file of sportsmen would, as a matter of course, go for Victor Wild, who, like Bendigo of old, is the people's favourite. According to present calculations, Clorane is not likely to go to the post, and M. Cannon will be at liberty to take the mount on Whittier. The last-named was thought by many to be the best three-year-old in training last year, but he went wrong prior to the race for the St. Leger. I think the Kempton Plate is very likely to go to Americus, who has been backed by the "cute" Yankees for tons of money.

As the Alexandra Park managers cater well for the gallery, I am glad to learn that the meeting is likely to be continued for many years to come, and that great alterations are to be made on the course and stands. I see no reason why a valuable handicap should not be run on the Wood Green track, which is not half so bad as some of the fashionable jockeys try and make out. True, the late Fred Archer did not like riding at Alexandra Park; but, then, he had the same aversion to Chester, and even poor old Leicester.

## AN ELEGY.

[Reprinted from the "Atlantic Monthly."]

Blessed be winds, and woods, and springs,  
The things of greatness, simple things  
That bid their own in peace endure  
Man's greed and cant, and moil and din;  
And most in thee who shared their thought  
The elemental heart inwrought,  
The heart like any open moor  
With May-days flocking in.

For thee the gem-bright beach was paved,  
The dark autumnal arras waved,  
And lanthorning thy road of dreams  
Came Hesper and the Hyades.  
Dynastic spirit! not in vain  
The Out-of-Door was thy domain,  
Whose step was every lonely stream's;  
Whose look the alder-tree's.

Good-night, my sylvan. Many years  
For that sepulchred smile's return;  
But as above the town there broods  
At eve the kindled Rholben height,  
As glorious on the hilltop ground  
Past sunset-hour the sun is found,  
Mine, mine, on memory's altitudes,  
Thy wild beloved light.—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

When you open Mr. A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" (Kegan Paul), you are landed suddenly in the midst of fresh, spontaneous, vigorous poetry; and that is a rare enough thing to-day, though there are scores of writers who bring you a faint perfume and a pleasant memory of the real thing. The imagination in it is the real, forcible imagination that works in folk-tales, and the form has much of the picturesque conciseness of the old ballads. A chronicle of the heart adventures of a young man, the verses are not all sane and calm. Mixed with the fresh country pictures, the frank loves and hates, there is the world-weariness, and there are the morbid fancies, too, which were never absent from the soul of a youth of sensibility. But even in these moods the singer's admirable talent of brevity does not desert him and lose for him our interest. Here is a comedy and a tragedy in a nutshell—

Oh, when I was in love with you,  
Then I was clean and brave,  
And miles around the wonder grew  
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,  
And nothing will remain,  
And miles around they'll say that I  
Am quite myself again.

The verses of Mr. Housman, for all their simple form, are as far removed as may be from insipidity. They have stings in them; they have much frankness, sudden outbursts of affection and of bitterness, and, in their suggested tale of three not very lucky Shropshire lads, real tragic force. The fresh memories of country places make a peaceful setting for the stormy human passions, and Shropshire may be proud that its fields and streams have been sung by this genuine and individual poet, who loves so fervently the

Valleys of springs of rivers,  
By Ony and Teme and Clun,  
The country for easy livers,  
The quietest under the sun;

and who has such home-sickness away from their beauties—

Spring will not wait the loiterer's time  
Who keeps so long away;  
So others wear the broom and climb  
The hedgerows heaped with may.

Oh, tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,  
Gold that I never see;  
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge  
That will not shower on me.

The keen artistic instinct which has prevented the over-polishing of these interpretations of a crude young man's emotions and experiences is not the least promising thing in this noticeable book of poems.

"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" (Lane) is a graceful contribution to the sentiment, not to the science, of book-collecting. The papers and verses of which it is made up were written by their author, the late Mr. Eugene Field, shortly before his death; and they have been piously collected and affectionately introduced by his brother. Perhaps in America there is a larger audience for this particular kind of book than with us. The very things that are so often the despair and the scorn of the stolid, and may be solid, Briton when he looks critically at his transatlantic cousins, the inexhaustible American thirst for "culture," their enthusiasm for "the blessed words" in art and learning, at least make a far wider circle of readers than our country could furnish who are willing to go as far with an intellectual guide as their wits and education will allow. The guide, if he be shrewd, does not give them learning. Mr. Field here does not present a mass of exact facts, as even the graceful Mr. Lang, with a selecter audience, would do when dealing with a similar subject. But he tries to make his readers breathe the atmosphere of one who actually falls in love with a book, who follows gallantly and passionately in its train. He makes them understand his point of view, and provides them with a pleasant feeling of sympathy for a pursuit which not one in a thousand of them could seriously share. This amiable illusion is superficial enough in its effects, of course. But hard facts and agreeable conversation are so rarely joined that you have greatly to take your choice between them; and to the unprepared mind the hard facts, at least, say nothing at all. So Mr. Field's easy talk about adventures which maybe cost him much serious thought, many pangs, long, dry study, and patient search, prepares the way for a tolerance of, and even an interest in, books among the Philistines of leisure. For talkers are the general civilisers, and Mr. Field talks graciously in pen and ink. But, as one might have expected, his verses are better than his prose. The lines "If I were François Villon, and François Villon I," and the address to an old, loved copy of Boccaccio, will go straight to the heart of all book-lovers who have not grown into mere bookworms. The true, passionate, and exclusive emotion of the romantic bibliomaniac speaks here—

Again I heard the nightingale  
Sing as she sang those years ago,  
In his embowered Italian vale,  
To my revered Boccaccio.

And still I love that brown old book  
I found upon the topmost shelf—  
I love it so I let none look  
Upon the treasure but myself.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The story of the Budget has been told, and a very interesting Budget it is. It has, in the first place, been a personal triumph for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is one of the few politicians who, having gone down in the scale of first-class reputations, has gone up again. He lost caste a good deal when he allowed himself to become the agent of Lord Randolph Churchill in the displacement of Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir Michael became Chancellor for a brief space, but he gained nothing in the end, and seemed for a time to drop out of the sphere of really leading Tory statesmen. But of late he has been cropping up again. The other day he made a very brilliant and conclusive speech on Bimetallism, and, by all accounts, his Budget speech was one of the best that has been made since the days of Mr. Gladstone. I never liked Mr. Goschen's speeches, and Sir William Harcourt, although he showed great power of exposition, was undeniably prosy. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was neither dull nor superficial, neither too long nor too sketchy. His speech had exactly the right kind of proportion; the economical view of the progress of England was singularly clear, effective, and brightly touched, and the whole speech showed that this quiet, undemonstrative, rather ungenial squire, with his handsome face, pleasant voice, and steady, even delivery, is something of an intellectual power. In the Cabinet one hears a great deal of him as, in some degree, an opponent of Mr. Chamberlain, especially in the matter of grants for new developments of Colonial policy, but that he has weight, a considerable capacity for speech, and real power of judgment, is clear. They speak very highly of him at the Treasury, and declare that there never was a better Chancellor since the days of Mr. Gladstone.

## THE POLICY OF THE BUDGET.

All the same the policy of the Budget is not a very safe one. It will pass, of course, but it is linked with a difficult and complicated scheme for the lightening of rural rates, which will take much time to discuss. It is entirely devoted to the relief of landlords, with a sop thrown to the subscribers to voluntary schools. Practically, this class is the only one which receives any substantial benefit. Nobody else gets anything, for the relief of rates must, in the end, go into the landlords' pockets. Meanwhile, they get an easier mode of collection for death duties, the exemption from State duty on their art collections, and the abolition of three-fourths of the land tax—trivial impost as that is. In fact, a good million and a half of the people's money goes straight-away into their pockets. The rest of the Budget was chiefly interesting on account of the way in which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach lighted up the familiar story of expenditure. How tea was crowding out coffee; how we were drinking more beer than ever; how the Kaffir Circus has baptised its innumerable companies with so many thousand bottles of champagne; how cigarette-smoking was increasing, and how the smokers were actually throwing into the gutter one million a-year in the shape of "short ends"—to all these things the House listened with the pleased interest with which the rich man, with full pockets, and a pleasant memory of his banking-account, listens to the story of his own harmless extravagance. Never before have we had an ordinary income and expenditure expressed in nine figures, not for fifty years have we had as large a surplus as six and a-half millions, which was realised last year, and, on the other hand, never were we spending anything like the fabulous sums that are now being poured into the lap of the War Departments. One feels a certain pride in the story of John Bull's swollen purse and giant resources, but, after all, a man who spends his income and is tending to overspend it is not exactly in the way of prosperity. If our revenue is going up by leaps and bounds, our expenditure is taking on the stride of the seven-leagued boots.

## THE COMPLEXITY OF THE GOVERNMENT'S POSITION.

Meanwhile, the Government is getting into a very considerable fix. It has got two great Bills of tremendous complexity, one of which has aroused the bitter hostility of the Opposition and of great and influential classes in the country, while the other is full of detail, is an Irish Bill, and lends itself to no end of technical discussion. Neither of these Bills has been read a second time, and we are in the third week of April. That the Education Bill and the Land Bill can pass together is impossible. I doubt whether more than one of them can survive, and even that is likely to assume a very curtailed and modified form. The Government, in a word, are getting into a mess. They are making precisely the mistake of their predecessors, and without the excuse that there is any electioneering necessity for it. In short, Mr. Arthur Balfour seems to me to have far too light and wavering a hand on the reins.

## THE WARS.

Then there are wars. South Africa looks serious, the Soudan is serious; they will cost much money, and, as far as the Soudan is concerned, they are bound to lock up in African deserts a good part of the British Army Corps. Mr. Chamberlain is getting no further in his negotiations with President Krüger, and young men on the Tory side, like Mr. George Wyndham, who do not like the Colonial Secretary, and who are more or less on Jingo lines, are pressing him very hard. There are a good many discontented, out-of-office *frondeurs* on the ministerial benches whose especial delight it is to take a rise out of Mr. Chamberlain. In a word, all the troubles of this Administration are before it, and I do not for a moment see how they are to escape Parliamentary difficulties, even if they are lucky with their wars.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Gerald Balfour's long speech introducing the Irish Land Bill was not a great success, but that will not affect the measure. The Irish land question is frightfully intricate, and it is no wonder if a new Chief Secretary gets somewhat lost in its tangles. The Bill seems to me to be a conscientious and generous attempt to clear up a number of small disputed points, and, at the same time, to do something towards simplifying the whole question in the ultimate direction of purchase. The Bill is one which the Irish tenants will probably insist on being carried; and yet the landlords cannot regard it as hostile. Little short of a marvel of tact, let it be candidly said, could have reconciled Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. W. E. Macartney to one and the same Bill, and this result is certainly a feather in the Chief Secretary's cap. But the Bill is terribly complicated, and deals with a great quantity of difficult points. The question will be whether time will allow it to pass as it stands.

## MR. BALFOUR'S LEADERSHIP.

I cannot say that the Leader of the House shines very brilliantly in that capacity. Mr. Balfour is so exceedingly amiable, easy-going, and intelligent himself that he seems to forget, in dealing with the House of Commons, that it wants skilful driving, with a tight hold on the reins, and occasionally the use of the whip. It cannot be denied that he made a mess of the new rules, the exact meaning of which is even yet not settled. And last week, in moving that the Government should have Tuesday mornings for their business, Mr. Balfour made a really bad mistake in leadership by taking it, apparently, for granted that the House would not object. But the "private member" does object, and if he is not carefully smoothed down, and told that his precious time is only taken because of the direst necessity, and that the Ministry are for ever indebted to him, the private member grows rusty. Even Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Balfour's own former private secretary, "struck" this time; and Mr. Tommy Bowles took the opportunity to make a cheeky speech, which, though amusing to read, seemed unduly offensive to Mr. Chamberlain, and was rather resented by the House. Mr. Balfour really must learn not to take himself as a type of the House of Commons, and to devote more trouble to the traditional usages of that Conservative assembly. But I fear that our amiable Leader is somewhat lazy.

## THE BUDGET.

Of the three "big" speeches of the Session, Sir John Gorst's on the Education Bill, Mr. Gerald Balfour's on the Irish Land Bill, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's on the Budget, the palm for cleverness must be awarded to the first, but, for a genuine House of Commons success, to the last. Sir Michael's fine speech in the Bimetallism debate had prepared me for a "great" Budget effort, and this was no mistake. By common consent the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to the highest level in his interesting statement. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has never been in such good form as now, and the lucid way in which he marshalled his figures, interspersing a running comment in the light vein which alone can make statistics palatable, was worthy of even Mr. Gladstone at his best. There is really nothing controversial about the Budget. Its revelations had been anticipated by the announcements as to the Navy and Agricultural rating. No taxation is remitted, except for agriculturists and, by way of a revision of the death duties, on heirlooms. We had a surplus of six millions from last year, and a surplus of one and three-quarters is estimated for next. What remains of the latter is set aside for providing for what may be wanted in the shape of increased grants towards education. The discussion of the Budget ought not to take long, because its chief controversial points are really treated in the Rating Bill, the Education Bill, and the Naval Works Bill separately.

## THOSE UNFORTUNATE RADICALS.

The plight of the "Radical Committee" is really rather comical. It is run by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Stanhope; and last month, it will be remembered, a meeting of the Radicals in the Liberal Party was summoned by the Committee to discuss various matter, in a sense hostile to Lord Rosebery's leadership and to the existing relations between the National Liberal Federation and the Central Office. This meeting, however, was completely spoilt in an ingenious manner. For, instead of only the stalwart Radicals attending, practically the whole Party identified itself with Radicalism, and came in force, led by the "official gang," to vote down Mr. Labouchere's resolutions. This strategy has been too much for the Radical Committee, who have now issued a manifesto announcing that their existence is terminated. Suicide, however, is not the political intention of Labby and his circle. They cease to exist only to rise again in a new incarnation, which, this time, shall be totally separate from the "official gang." All "advanced Radicals" are asked to join the new organisation; and an "advanced Radical," of course, will only be such a person as will be considered suitable by Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Labouchere. What will be the end of this secession it is superfluous to prognosticate. The Opposition, as such, will never rally round Mr. Labouchere. He cannot be even the Healy of the Liberal Party, for it is impossible to take him seriously. Nor is Mr. Stanhope the man to lead a new Radical group. Whatever may be thought of Lord Rosebery, it still remains certain that Harcourt, Morley, Asquith, Acland, and Campbell-Bannerman are the leaders of the existing Liberal Party, exiguous though it may be, and this little revolt is more ridiculous than anything else. Sir Charles Dilke is the only Radical of real weight, and he is impossible as a leader.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 8.5; to-morrow, 8.7; April 24, 8.8; April 25, 8.10; April 26, 8.12; April 27, 8.14; April 28, 8.15. When to extinguish:—To-day, 3.50; to-morrow, 3.48; April 24, 3.46; April 25, 3.44; April 26, 3.42; April 27, 3.40; April 28, 3.38.

Have you seen the new sociable bicycle? It has an appliance which can be fixed to any bicycle, and enable two persons instead of one to ride upon it, and has been invented by Mr. Grili, an Italian. It enables persons to ride side by side. The machine is readily stopped or turned, and more easily mounted than the ordinary bicycle. The great difficulty, obviously, was to devise an appliance capable of accommodating two persons of unequal weight. This has been overcome, and a 15-st. man and a 7-st. boy can ride the machine as perfectly balanced as persons of equal weight. It is undoubtedly an improvement on the tandem. The lady rider may carry a parasol, while her male companion may make a cigarette while riding. Its principal advantage is, of course, its adaptability to any machine in use. It is put on the market by the Humber Company.

Some of us may remember Whyte-Melville's foreign friend who, when asked why he disliked fox-hunting, replied, "*Monsieur, je ne cherche pas mes émotions à me casser le cou!*" It would be well if fewer cyclists would seek *émotions* by trying to break their own and other people's necks in Piccadilly and in the many crowded London thoroughfares. So tiresome have some riders become that Mr. Hogan, the Member for Tipperary, the other day asked Sir Matthew White Ridley, whether the London coroner's remarks concerning "the reckless cyclists, and particularly lady cyclists," had come under his notice, and whether he would "consider the advisability either of limiting cyclists to the less crowded thoroughfares or subjecting them to more stringent regulations in the main arteries of traffic."

Even in our public parks we cannot get completely away from the "cad on castors," who cares naught for anybody, and tries to break records upon the roads. It is this offensive creature that has caused the Parks Sub-Committee of the London County Council very sensibly to post the following notice: "The attention of the Council has been called to irregular and furious riding on the part of cyclists visiting the parks. Notice is hereby given, that they must in future keep to the left side of the road, and ride at a pace not exceeding eight miles per hour. In the event of any neglect of these directions stringent measures will be at once taken to prosecute offenders. The Council trusts that cyclists themselves will see the necessity of conforming to the regulations."

A peculiar accident lately befell Captain Iles, of Dawlish, Devonshire. He was riding slowly along the road when the lower tube of his machine suddenly snapped asunder, and naturally the upper tube instantly broke too. The sharp end of a broken tube cut the Captain's leg so severely as he felt that he has been in bed for over a fortnight. The machine had a short time previously been greatly shaken by a fall.

Bicycling accidents owing to machines "slipping up" seem to be increasing in number, though this increase may, in a measure, be due to the growth in the number of riders. If bicyclists who usually sit upright in their saddles when the roads seem slippery lower their handle-bars about an inch and a half or two inches, and so stoop slightly forward, these accidents would happen far less often. Eight times out of ten the hind wheel is the first to slip, but the further forward the rider's body is bent the more his weight is thrown upon the front wheel, and, therefore, the less likely is the machine to slip up. Certainly a cyclist stooping very much is a hideous object to look at, but, when riding in wet weather, a slight stoop should be adopted for the sake of safety. Also, the rider should remember always to press chiefly upon the near pedal when turning sharp to the right, and upon the off pedal when turning to the left.

Last season Society was regretting the non-existence of a well-appointed and conveniently situated cycling club, so the new Wheel Club, shortly to be opened at Hereford House, near South Kensington Station, will supply a want. It has five acres of ground, and is to have

a track of five laps to the mile, for the use of members only, also tennis-courts, fives-courts, a riding-school two hundred and fifty feet in length, where competent instructors will attend daily, and, during the winter, an area of fourteen thousand feet may be flooded and set apart for skaters. The club will also have a house up the river. Both ladies and gentlemen are eligible for membership, and it is said that considerably over a thousand names have already been received by the secretary, Mr. Gilbert T. Oliver.

Staying in a country house near Ripon, I was interested in a pretty bicycle that the hostess had just bought. It was a "Singer," and the maker had shown her one he had built for Lady Warwick. This was not the white one before alluded to in *The Sketch*, but an exceedingly elegant brown one. Just now, we miss Lady Warwick's graceful figure from among us, as she is in the South of France.

Lately, I was present at Catterick Bridge Races, one of the oldest of Yorkshire race-meetings. An exceedingly smart gathering it was, but the absence of bicycles was striking. On the first day, as I left the course, I noticed a solitary lady's bicycle, on the second day, two lady cyclists; yet the weather was perfect, and the roads were in good condition. Apparently, the cycling fever has not yet spread to that part of Yorkshire.

A well-known Bath lady, who must be nearly seventy, but who still indulges in youthful sports, and wears a sailor hat, has now adopted the bicycle, but as yet, so I understand, she practises in private.

An old gentleman was sitting by me the other night at a dinner in town, and invited me to go and watch him taking his cycling-lessons in Battersea. He said, "I give you full leave to write the history of the sorrows of an old gentleman learning to 'bike.' My sufferings are great, for, not being as agile as formerly, I have to be ignominiously held round the waist by the teacher." While sympathising with the energetic old gentleman, I secretly wondered whether, at his age, the game was worth the candle. As I was on the point of leaving town, I had no opportunity of availing myself of the invitation, so can only take his word for the sufferings to which he daily subjected himself in his efforts to master the iron steed. Surely, when a certain age, three wheels should suit him better than two!

I think I may venture again to say something about cycling-skirts. How exceedingly unbecoming is a very narrow skirt, especially when it is surmounted by a big hat!

In Paris there is just now a most charming new cycling-costume; it has the appearance of a pair of knickerbockers when the rider is sitting on the bicycle, but when she alights it forms a pretty, neat walking-dress. I do not yet know the name of the inventor of this most becoming costume, but I hope to mention it in my article next week. Though it may be treason to say it, I think, as a rule, the French ladies dress more becomingly than our countrywomen, and they do not look so masculine. With their pretty tartan silk stockings—the checks always on the cross—the knickerbockers being of plain material, and the ties and ribbons matching the stockings, they look very smart, and they are always most particular to wear very neat little boots.

I think our English women are too fond of gaiters of different shades, and thick, heavy boots, which look more fit for shooting than for Park Lane and the Ladies' Mile. For example, one lady whom I saw the other day in the Park wore a thick tweed Norfolk bodice, with a hard hat; she leant far over her bicycle and rode as though her life depended upon it, up and down, with a large display of gaiter and thick, country boots—perhaps she was practising for a race? How refreshing it was to turn round and watch a graceful-looking girl, sitting well up on her saddle, attired in a pretty brown costume, with hat to match, talking pleasantly to her attendant cavalier. Riding close behind them, I saw a slight little lady, who looked well in dark green, with a pretty scarlet Tam-o'-Shanter cap.

A few days ago I heard of a lady who had ridden eighty miles at a stretch, and had been ill ever since. No doubt it is cases such as that which make some of our great doctors condemn cycling. If you ran for ten miles, you might be very ill; but would you, on that account, say it was wrong to walk?



THE NEW SOCIABLE.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

With an unusual number of débutantes looking forward to the "roses and rapture" of a first season, not to mention besides the goodly company of young matrons to be presented on their marriage, the thorny but lucrative path of dressmakers is at the moment strewn with garments



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in every stage of composition and embellishment. A forthcoming Drawing-Room gown which struck me as original is of pale-pink satin, each seam outlined with velvet rose-leaves in a deeper tone, while on every leaf a cleverly set paste dewdrop disports its counterfeit rays. The train is of rose-pink brocade, about two shades deeper than the gown proper, and has a design of true-lovers' knots in moss-green velvet, which are appliqué with gold-thread to the brocade, producing an indescribably rich and novel effect.

Foremost among newly made brides to be presented shortly will be the Duchess of Marlborough and the Baroness von Eckhardstein. The latter will, no doubt, wear her wedding-gown, with its gorgeous Court-train bordered with silver tissue and glittering paste. One million sterling is, *à propos de bottes*, the dot with which Sir Blundell Maple's heiress is accredited, and heading the long procession of wedding-presents is a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, given the bride by her father, which alone cost eighty thousand pounds. Lady Maple's gift to her daughter is a tiara in diamonds and pearls, which nearly reproduces the famous Eglinton tiara in her own possession. The wedding breakfast and floral arrangements, both unutterably gorgeous in their way, were done by Benoist.

Another smart wedding, which took place earlier on Wednesday, was that of Miss Minna A'Beckett and Mr. Clifford at the Oratory,

Brompton. Miss A'Beckett's gown, of the regulation white satin, was covered with beautiful lace, two curly-headed pages of diminutive stature holding up the square-cut Court-train. Half-a-dozen bridesmaids, in pink gowns of chiné silk, were effectively shown up by the quantity of palms and exotics with which the altar and nave were decorated. It was altogether a very pretty function.

Among novel wearable fascinations, how excessively charming some of the new printed lawns and muslins are! If for no other reason, one must long for summer days in looking at these airy, fairy, transparent fabrics. I have just sent a muslin gown out to a friend at



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Poona, which should be the envy of every woman at the station. It is a design of yellow and mauve orchids on a very pale green background. The Antoinette fichu of cream net, trimmed with fine black lace, is tucked into a folded waist-belt of yellow satin, while long ends of the net, edged with black lace, form a sash, which falls to the end of the skirt behind. It really made quite a picture-frock for fête or garden-party, with its accompanying hat of wide-brimmed Panama straw, daintily set forth with black-and-white plumes and a garniture of orchids.

Every passing hour now brings some new-born idea to the baptismal font of fashion in matters of millinery, and here is illustrated a picturesque hat of Paquin's, called the "Restauration," which is sufficiently unlike anything else to merit attention of that enviable minority whose resources allow them to indulge in frequent, not to say fortnightly, change of headgear. A low, flat crown, with rather wide brim, in white satin straw, is the foundation for four rosettes of old-rose satin ribbon. These separately form the base of a tuft of pale-green and white ostrich feathers. Another white plume trims the edge of this quaint chapeau, which is worn slightly backward, so as to show the hair, in direct opposition to our other latest mode that ordains a position low enough on the forehead to overshadow one's nose, be it ever so Roman or Oriental in contour. A single string of black satin ribbon passes under the chin, to be fastened on the right side under a bunch of three short feathers, all black, and a short *Paradis* plume to match the aforesaid rose-satin ribbon. A less extravagant but more alluring style obtains in a *chic* little hat here reproduced from the original at Kate Reily's, of Dover Street and world-wide reputation. The straight-brimmed Panama straw is edged with black velvet, and trimmed with loopings of white tulle and black quills, tipped with white. A *cache-peigne* of roses, shading from blush to brilliant pink in exquisite gradations, makes a most becoming finish. This hat should be worn tilted rather forward to get its advisedly



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coquettish effect. A bonnet, also illustrated, and coming from the same potential source of all seductiveness, is formed in alternate rows of black sequins and grass-green satin straw. High loops of these interwoven materials also adorn the front. A pale-green *Paradis* plume curls softly behind the ear, and puffings of black and white tulle deftly placed add a last touch of well-bestowed colour.

Foulard is a revival to be welcomed for our frocks, and, to my mind, few materials fitly replace it for summer. A case in point may be quoted from a morning-dress seen at Kate Reily's in a bold medallion pattern of white on blue—the skirt plain, but cut in ample godets, a loose vest of porcelain-blue *linge de soie*, embroidered with canvas guipure, a collar and waistband of black velvet ribbon, with tiny flat basque at waist, back, and front. Nothing could more truly claim a "sweet simplicity," and at the same time carry so much style.

It is not without deserving the reputation that Kate Reily has come to be a power in the land on the subject of evening-gowns. One dress which was shown me some days since would in itself take a master-mind in millinery to compose, no less than a master-hand to cunningly concoct, for, though it all reads simply enough, the entire effect when seen is no less than intoxicating. An ivory-white *moiré* of richest quality, shot with gold thread, forms the basis of this magnificent gown, the skirt formed with ample godets at sides and back, but quite plain. The bodice, square-cut and low, is covered with white accordion-pleated *mousseline de soie*, a falling drapery of Brussels lace brought in a point to the waist, which is bound with a narrow ribbon, embroidered in lines of gold and silver sequins. Straps of the same appear at the shoulders, a soft, triple flounce of lisse acting most seductively as sleeves. Finally, a glittering embroidery of gold and silver spangles edges the front and back of the bodice, falling loosely to the depth of a few inches, and appearing again in a tiny but effective drapery below the waist-belt.



Violets, which still figure so fashionably on our hats and capes and evening-gowns, have lately carried the siege from wardrobe to linen-press, and napery for breakfast-table and bedroom daintily embroidered with violets in natural colours has become popular. The idea originated in France, where embroidery is, before all, a high art, and damask tea-table covers, breakfast-cloths, fine linen sheets, &c., embroidered in forget-me-nots, roses, orchids, and violets, all in silks of natural colours, make a delightful addition to the "dower-chest," with its traditional piles of snowy linen. Sachets of Rhine Violet perfume placed between the violet-embroidered linen give it a most delicate and appropriate perfume. By the way, this delicious scent, which so exactly reproduces the real fragrance of violets, should not be left in bottles exposed to the tender mercies of strong sunshine on our toilet-tables, as light and heat both act injuriously on its ingredients. I discovered this for myself, and found it corroborated at the *dépôt* in Bond Street, where they keep the perfume in covered shelves, on the excellent principle that whatever is

which the fates forbid!—to a dissertation on the ethics of digestion and the benefits accruing from a diet of Bermaline bread and Bermaline brown biscuits—another name, I believe, for malt-extract in a specially excellent form—I could shortly, if properly persuasive, lay claim to the healthiest section of readers in Great Britain or beyond.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

J. (Salop).—As a rule, dressmakers will not make up duplicates. Perhaps, by explaining to Humble that you live in the country, it could be arranged. But why pin yourself to one style and colour? SYBIL.

#### DRESS AT THE PLAY.

On the whole, I must confess to being slightly disappointed with the dresses worn in "Biarritz," at the Prince of Wales's. Some of the carnival costumes in the second act are charming, but the majority are too daring for imitation. However, there is a delightful and copyable Japanese dress of white silk, embroidered with many-coloured flowers, and held in across a transparent gauze under-dress by a broad sash of the brightest cherry-coloured satin, while some mauve satin is also introduced with good effect, and the piquant wearer's dark hair is surrounded by a sort of halo formed of flashing combs in iridescent crimson and purple.

Folly, as represented by Kitty Loftus, is a delightful little figure in a costume which is composed principally of dangling ribbons—pink, yellow, blue, and green—which fall over a filmy drapery of spangled gauze, while also there is a handsome Pierrette garbed in white satin, all trimmed with fluffy yellow pompons, the skirt caught up coquettishly to reveal a petticoat of yellow satin spangled with gold.

Miss Phyllis Broughton is gowned in pale-green brocade, the bodice trimmed with lace, which is caught up in the centre of the corsage with a great jewelled butterfly; while another gorgeous insect, its wings all pearls and gold, appears on the bodice of Miss Sadie Jerome's yellow satin dress, the skirt, by the way, being arranged over a petticoat of chiffon, its two deep flounces each headed by a soft ruching, embroidered in silver. A great fluffy chiffon-frilled hood forms an excellent setting for Miss Sadie's vivacious dark face, and this costume is in striking contrast to the simple severity of her knickerbocker suit in the first act.

One of the very prettiest dresses, which is worn by Miss Ellas Dee, is of pale-blue satin, striped narrowly with black, while between the stripes trails a *chîné* design of delicately tinted roses, clusters of the same pretty flowers appearing on the bodice against a background of blue chiffon, and the shoulders being crossed by straps of pearls. I also liked a pink *moiré* skirt, which is wedded to a chiffon bodice, its soft fulness held in by cleverly arranged bands of black velvet, forming the outline of a deep ceinture; and there was one fair lady whose perfect shoulders were so liberally displayed that ever since I have been consumed with wonder as to how she managed to keep her bodice on at all, for it was guiltless of the slightest suggestion of shoulder-straps.

Then yesterday, Tuesday, gave us the new play at the Garrick, with Miss Geraldine Olliffe looking very handsome in the three original gowns.

In the first act, simplicity is the key-note, the dove-grey silk of the gown relieved by a softly draped fichu of the softest white silk frilled with mellow-tinted lace, the long ends escaping from beneath a waist-band of grey velvet and a great curved buckle of flashing steel, to fall far down the skirt at each side. The sleeves are entirely composed of cloudy-grey chiffon, arranged in a series of diminutive puffings which, towards the wrist, merge into tiny gathers—altogether, the "companion" who is able to wear such a dress as this is distinctly to be envied.

An intermediate gown, simple but striking, is worn in the second act, the skirt of brown mohair, lined with vivid-scarlet silk, finished with a mass of little frills, and the same brilliant colour being repeated in the sleeves, yoke, and vest of the blouse-bodice, which is itself of dark-brown silk, the brighter colour being softened by narrow appliqué bands of black lace. I like the graceful bow drapery which relieves the tight-fitting sleeves at the shoulders, and the smart little cape, with long stole-ends, which, with a jaunty little toque, completes the costume.

And then the full splendour is reached in the last act, with an evening-gown of pale-green silk, so rich in texture as almost to resemble satin, and shot with faintest gleams of mauve and pink, the same lovely colourings being repeated in the tulle sleeves, where pink veils mauve, and over all comes the lovely freshness of the green.

Add to this a wonderful jewelled trimming in crystals, pink pearls, flashing blue and green and mauve stones, with glittering fringes falling from the *décolletage* and over the hips, and, with the help of our sketch, you can form some idea of the effect, only I wish that you could see the back of the dress also, for its crossed folds fasten at either side of the waist with a fascinating little bow, between which comes the flash of the jewelled trimming which outlines the bodice.

Lady Monckton is also provided with three very charming dresses, two for evening and one for day wear. The last is of tender greyish mauve *moiré*, with line-stripes of black, and with a bodice where white *lisse*, made beautiful with an appliqué of yellowish lace, veils a vest of soft pink satin, while the yoke, of black net, glitters with an embroidery of iridescent paillettes, touches of pink velvet at neck and waist completing the scheme of colour. One evening-gown has a white satin bodice draped with old lace and trimmed with green velvet, and a white skirt broadened with festoons of pink, yellow, and mauve flowers; while the remaining dress, of mauve mirror-*moiré*, is combined with velvet in a darker shade and some beautiful jewelled trimming and shining fringes.

FLORENCE.



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MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE AT THE GARRICK.

good is worth taking care of. The pungent pleasantness of eau-de-Cologne is here to be had in perfection also, the magic No. "4711" being admittedly the best representative of that indispensable fluid. On turning in to order some recently, I found a great array of bags, brushes, purses, dressing-cases, *articles de luxe* innumerable in fact, undergoing the process of being "marked down" preparatory to a clearance sale before contemplated alterations. With a view to birthdays and wedding-presents, the fact is worth being known, as there are really beautiful things to be had for little more than the classic "song" at 62, Bond Street, and, apart from the utility and value of these various objects, there is the ever-fresh joy to be encountered in picking up "bargains."

The subject of scent naturally suggests handkerchiefs, in which I now observe many new fashions, notably a green-bordered variety, which, however modish, is immoderately ugly. Again is there an eternal want of fitness in the string-coloured, or more properly grass-lawn hued, little *mouchoir*, which I have seen several fashionable young women purchasing lately. How anyone could carry such a thing to her nose I cannot understand. As a general rule, I incline strongly to whiteness in all linen. If our souls cannot invariably aspire to that immaculate tone, its external semblance is none the less desirable.

On the other hand, now, when the inner man is concerned, brown bread and brown biscuits are greatly more profitable than the bleached French roll of our daily breakfast-table. And could I devote a page—



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 27.*

## RECORDS IN CONSOLS.

There are people in the market who talk about 120 as the price which Consols will reach before the rise stops. They are very sanguine people indeed who regard that price as possible, but we have seen so many phenomenal movements in first-class securities during the past twelve months that we hesitate to express an opinion about their future prospects. No doubt we are getting down to the basis of a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. return on money invested in first-class securities, but in Consols the thing is surely being overdone. What we fear is, that, when it is discovered that the rise cannot be carried any further, the relapse will be explained by sinister rumours about political matters, and so do harm to greater interests than those of speculative holders of Government securities. Those who remember how frequently causeless scares have arisen from such incidents in connection with Continental securities are regarding with some apprehension the inflation of Consols.

## HIGHLAND RAILWAY REFORM.

It is rather interesting to read the platitudes of the Highland Railway Company's Report when one remembers all that has happened since the previous one was issued. On the face of it there is nothing to suggest to the ordinary reader that anything of special importance has occurred; but, as a matter of fact, there was a regular revolution in the affairs of the company towards the end of last year. The matter first came under public notice just before the last half-yearly meeting, when attention was drawn to the extraordinary wording of the auditors' certificate. The accounts, they certified, were correct, subject to one or two qualifications. Revenue account had been credited with premiums on stock issued, and an overestimate of the previous half-year's receipts had been rectified by taking the difference from the Reserve Fund, instead of charging it to revenue.

At the meeting a committee was appointed to investigate certain remarkable statements made by a retiring director, and that committee made a report embodying severe strictures on the administration of the company's affairs. The gentleman who occupied the dual position of Secretary and General Manager resigned, and there was a general flare-up which did not enhance the reputation of Highland Railway administration.

Now the accounts are framed in a different way, and the Directors, while regretting the diminution of the dividend, ingeniously explain the changes in the system of book-keeping. At the corresponding date in 1895, they tell the shareholders, the net revenue account was credited with premiums on the issue of stock and with interest on the cost of lines under construction. The result thus briefly treated is, that while the balance now carried to the net revenue account is within a few hundred pounds of the figure a year ago, the dividend has been reduced from 2 per cent. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. But this little reduction of 75 per cent. in the rate of dividend from almost identical profits on working enables the auditors to certify the accounts without reservation.

Various changes in the directorate are put on record, and there is to be put to the meeting a proposal that Mr. Dougall, the late General Manager and Secretary, shall be given a year's salary as a gratuity in recognition of his forty years' service. To an old and valued servant the allowance would appear singularly inadequate; as an evidence that Mr. Dougall and the Highland Railway Company do not part ill friends, it may be advisable. But we fear the proposal may lead to the opening of old sores.

## THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

Like every other kind of stock which is supposed to be sound, the ordinary and deferred shares of our principal railways keep mounting and mounting, and every day the supply becomes more and more restricted, for what is the use of selling at even present prices, when there is no reasonable prospect of finding a new investment for the proceeds? We are inclined to think Caley's will see higher figures, and Great Northern "A" stock might well rise several points; indeed, so short of stock is the market, that any big man could easily screw the price up with very little outlay. Chathams are kept down by the row with the second preference holders, and the doubt of the fate which the company's Bill will meet with in Parliament. If this quarrel were only patched up, we fully believe there would be a smart jump in "little Chats," and, even if the opposition has to be bought off, some *modus vivendi* is most likely to be found. With the ordinary railway market in its present state, our readers might well turn their attention to some of the Stock Conversion Trust "splits," which in several cases can be bought to afford a better outlook for both dividend and capital than the corresponding stocks out of which they are carved, because the general public have not yet learnt to understand them. For choice we should say the North-Eastern deferred charge stock presents more attractions than the rest.

## SANTA FÉ AND RECONQUISTA.

Some time ago we recommended our readers to buy those cheap Argentine Railway bonds, and gave details of the scheme which was on foot for improving matters. The price was about 24 or 25 in those days—perhaps two months ago—and has since been 32, but, in consequence of some hitches in the negotiations, the price has again receded to 29. We are informed that all the difficulties have been overcome, that the scheme is agreed to by the representatives of the

bondholders and the Government, and has merely to receive the sanction of Congress to make it complete. The knowing people in the City are again buying, and our readers will not hurt themselves by following their example.

## INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST.

The report of this Trust, whose Unified Stock we have often recommended at about 90, will be in the hands of the shareholders about the time of the issue of our paper. The revenue shows up well, and the list of investments is steadily but, of course, slowly improving. The new board continues to do well, and the Unified Stock, which is now at par, should be worth at least 110, sanguine people say 120.

## INDUSTRIALS.

Our readers are always anxious to hear of any home industrial companies which we consider a reasonably good speculative investment, and we are therefore obliged to be on the look-out for what seem to us promising securities of this kind. Among the more speculative class of shares we can see nothing better than Palace Theatre, Limited, which we know is doing splendid business, and whose accounts for the current year, when made up to July next, will, we are assured on the best authority, show a vast improvement. The concern is managed by competent men, among whom stands out Mr. T. Ernest Polden, as most unlikely to be associated with anything which, in the end, is not a success, and whose other directorships, including the Royal Palace Hotel, the Wright Prepayment Gas-Meter Company, and Messrs. Gale and Polden, Limited, are a guarantee of his financial ability. We shall be very much mistaken if the Palace Theatre shareholders are not within a measurable distance of a dividend, for it is clear to anyone who will afford the time to visit the entertainment that, if it is not earning good profits at present, it will never do so.



MR. T. ERNEST POLDEN,  
DIRECTOR OF THE PALACE THEATRE, LIMITED.

## CYCLE SHARES.

When the prospectus of the Raleigh Company was issued, the other day, it is said that £2,000,000 was the amount of the public subscription, and there is no doubt that this trade is passing through a "boom" which must, for a time, at least, make the profits of any of the old-established companies something quite out of the common. It may, or may not—we incline to the latter alternative—be wise to subscribe to the new Pneumatic Tyre Company which Mr. Hooley and other clever Nottingham people are about to bring out, with a capital of five millions; but we see, at any rate, that there are good prospects for such shares as those of the Cycle Components Manufacturing Company and the Beeson Tyre Company. We recommended these shares in our correspondence columns not more than four months ago at 2s. 6d., and afterwards at 10s. and 12s., but we understand the price during the week has risen from 25s. to 50s.

Most of the cycle shares are freely dealt in on the Birmingham Exchange, and knowing people are picking up all that come into the market of the two concerns we have named; in the case of the Components Company, because of the success which has attended the introduction of the Warwick tyre, the demand for which is said to be very large, and in the reconstructed Beeson case because it is an open secret that, having settled their litigation with the Dunlop people, the company is overcrowded with work, and can hardly keep abreast of the orders which pour in.

Among the comparatively cheap tyres now in the market, there is no doubt that the Beeson ranks next to the three leading makes, and can be supplied at a far more moderate price. We believe our readers would not regret an investment in either of the concerns we have named, or in the Fairbank's Rim Manufacturing Company's shares, on whose prospectus Mr. G. Lacy Hillier's name as broker is almost a guarantee of success.

The market price of many of the cycle concerns, which have been depressed during the last year, is jumping up at such a rate that it is very difficult to advise a purchase three days before our readers are able to act on our advice, and if, when instructing brokers, it turns out that there has been a very large rise within a few days, discretion must be exercised as to whether purchases should still be made.

## INCANDESCENT GAS SHARES.

As we warned several correspondents would most likely happen, the English company has lost one of its actions, but if this result brings the shares down below £2—people sometimes take alarm—we should advise purchase, for the result will not seriously injure the company's trade.



## FROM JOHANNESBURG.

In continuation of the series of important Witwatersrand mines with which our Johannesburg correspondent is dealing, we are able to present our readers with what we hope will prove interesting details of the Robinson and Bonanza Companies, and next week our able contributor will furnish detailed information of a like character concerning the Rand Mines, Limited, and the Barnato Consolidated Company.

## THE ROBINSON.

Whatever may be the case in the future, near or remote, the Robinson still retains the position of the premier mine on the Witwatersrand. In the era of big batteries and big outputs upon which the Transvaal gold-mining industry has entered, the Robinson may, before long, have to meet more than one challenge; but, meanwhile, its title to the first place is, in every respect, beyond question. Its output last year of 157,208 oz. of gold is an easy first among the producing mines of the Rand, while its net profit of £374,744 places the company in a position which is simply unique. But this marvellous performance does not by any means record an exceptional year's work. Under the guidance of the very best management, the history of the mine has simply been a record of improvement from year to year, and this is sufficiently indicated by the profits of the past three years—1893, £333,717; 1894, £346,628; 1895, £374,744. For the present and future years, with the enlarged battery of 120 stamps, the official estimate of profits is £38,000 per month under normal conditions, or £456,000 per annum.

While the Robinson is, it goes without saying, an enormously rich mine, results like those above quoted have only been possible by means of the most perfect and up-to-date equipment, as well as the most capable and economical management. As a matter of fact, the company has led the way in the Rand mining industry. It was the first to show by practical results the enormous value of the cyanide process in the treatment of tailings, and similarly at this moment the company is experimenting with a method, just pronounced to be a commercial success, for recovering the gold from the slimes which leave the cyanide vats.

The work of reducing costs and perfecting the processes of recovery goes on steadily, and at the annual meeting in Johannesburg recently Mr. F. Eckstein, who presided, was able to announce that the charges for mining and milling had been brought down to 19s. 1d. per ton, a very low figure, and representing a reduction of 2s. 7d. per ton as compared with 1894. The cost of cyaniding showed relatively a much greater reduction, indicating the great strides in recent years in the application of the cyanide process. For the past three years the charge per ton was respectively: 1893, 5s. 10d.; 1894, 3s. 10½d.; 1895, 2s. 9d. Last year's output of gold was obtained from 140,655 tons of ore, which yielded an average of 22 dwts. 8·49 grains, representing a value of £45·66d. per ton.

No Main Reef mine can compare with this magnificent average except the neighbouring Ferreira, which, however, crushed only 61,254 tons of ore, and that exclusively from the two richer reefs, namely, the South Reef and the Main Reef leader. The Robinson, on the other hand, crushed the low-grade Main Reef in the proportion of 37 per cent. of the whole. To this circumstance is due the falling-off of 4 dwts. 14 grains per ton in yield as compared with the average for 1894.

Up till about a couple of years ago the payability of the Main Reef in the Robinson, as in many other mines in the Rand, had not been established. Now, with an increased battery and decreased costs, a certain proportion of this large body of ore can be milled at a profit, and, although the yield per ton is necessarily reduced, the net result is to augment the gross value of the mine. As regards the life of the Robinson, the manager computes that an average of 16·436 claims have been worked out, and that 117·245 claims have still to be worked. He calculates that the mine will still yield at least 3,700,000 tons of ore, which ought to keep 120 stamps going for nineteen years, and give an aggregate profit, at the present rate, of about nine millions sterling. It is to be noted that this calculation allows only for the proportion of the Main Reef presently taken as payable, whereas a further reduction of costs would probably result in the whole of this body of low-grade ore going through the mill. This would necessarily extend the life of the mine, probably by some five or six years, or even more, and would also augment gross profits. The profits are further subject to alteration by any modification in the rate of working expenses, and by the treatment of slimes, now an accomplished fact.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, Chairman of the Robinson Company, is at the very top of the Rand mining industry. A man of culture and wide experience, he was for the past four years President of the Chamber of Mines. A public-spirited man, Mr. Phillips and his firm of H. Eckstein and Co. have identified themselves with every public movement for the welfare of the Rand. Mr. Phillips was a prominent member of the Reform Committee.



MR. H. A. ROGERS.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

## THE BONANZA.

This mine, on the dip of two such well-known properties as the Robinson and the Crown Reef, is of comparatively small extent, but the reefs are very rich, and the crushings now about to begin will show a high average. The company was registered less than two years ago; in ten months the South Reef was struck at a depth of 614 ft., at 680 ft. the shaft was turned off on the incline, and at a distance of 32 ft. further the Main Reef leader was cut. The shaft has since been carried down a further 300 ft., and a large amount of driving has been done. The notable point about this mine is the thickness of the two rich reefs, the South Reef and the Main Reef leader. These average the unusual thickness of 4 ft. and 3 ft. respectively, and, taking a total of 7 ft. for both reefs, and an average dip of 32 degrees, the mine contains 380,000 tons of rich ore.

At the outset only 20 stamps will be run, but the number will shortly be doubled, and with 40 stamps the net profit should not be less than £15,000 per month. Allowing the battery to crush 5000 tons per month, the two rich reefs alone, making no allowance for the poorer Main Reef, should afford a continuous supply for over six years, giving an aggregate profit of over one million sterling. Mr. Lionel Phillips is chairman of the company, and Mr. H. A. Rogers, a well-known mining man in Johannesburg, is one of the directors.

## COMPANIES AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Some attention has been directed during the past week to a very remarkable step taken by the Trustees and Managers of the Stock

Exchange in connection with a report made by one of their employés on an invention which is now being offered to the public under the name of the Incandescent Fire-Mantel and Stove Company, Limited. Mr. Perowne was directed by the Trustees and Managers of the Stock Exchange to forward to various journals a copy of a letter addressed to the secretary of the company in question, in which communication it was stated that "the letter of Feb. 13, dated from the Stock Exchange, and signed by William Davis, their engineer, has been obtained and published without their knowledge or consent." Then followed a peremptory demand that Mr. Davis's letter should be withdrawn from any publication of the prospectus; and Mr. Perowne intimated in his communication to the Press that he had been informed, in reply, "that the letter of Mr. Davis will be withdrawn from future publication; but, as a large number of prospectuses have already been issued, the managers think it right to make this disavowal public."

Whatever may be the inner history of this squabble, it certainly does not commend itself to our sense of fairness: (1) that the Trustees and Managers of the Stock Exchange should circulate the text of their letter to the company, and only an inadequate *précis* of the reply; (2) that, as the text of that reply shows that the demand of the trustees and managers had been complied with as far as possible, they should still have taken such pains to clear themselves at the expense of an employé. If a letter, "dated from the Stock Exchange," and signed by an employé, is to create such a tempest in a teapot, what about indiscreet letters from members, written on the sacred note-paper?

## A NEW ISSUE.

The Bunyip Gold-Mines, Limited, has been formed to acquire and work two gold-mining leases, having an area of thirty-nine acres, situated in the northern part of the Coolgardie Goldfields. The capital is £150,000, in £1 shares, 50,000 being offered for subscription. The purchase-price has been fixed at £120,000, payable as to £100,000 in fully-paid shares of the company, and £20,000 in cash, leaving £30,000 available for working capital.

Saturday, April 18, 1896.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. M. F.—We did not answer your letter in our paper last week because you said you were going to send a fee, under Rule 5, the next day, and we supposed we should, therefore, write to you privately. We have, however, heard no more. We can only send the name of the solicitor by private letter, but, in our opinion, it will cost more than it is worth to go to law over £100. It might, however, be worth while to begin a suit on the chance of a compromise. Your South Londonderry shares cannot be forfeited without distinct notice, giving you a certain time to pay up, which you could then do.

R. M. H.—We wrote to you on the 15th inst., with the desired information. We are sorry for the trouble we gave you over the P.O.O.

S. P. C.—(1) We think well of Cassidy Hill as a mine, and a member of the board told us the other day that the property was developing splendidly. (2) We don't like this concern, which is over-capitalised, and was, to our certain knowledge, offered for a song in this country not twelve months ago.

ALPHA.—We think well of the property you mention, and should hold. The political outlook in the Transvaal is the only reason against buying more.

D. G.—We have read the prospectus, examined and returned the papers. From the address of the company's offices we imagine Mr. Cottam must be the promoter, and the more you read the prospectus the more you see that the opinions given are not based on very solid facts. We do not like any of the people connected with the concern, especially the parties mentioned in the contract clause; but, on the other hand, we have been unable to procure any evidence which would prove misrepresentation or afford ground for obtaining your money back. Inquiries in Australia might, and probably would, afford such evidence, but you cannot very well act on supposition. If you wish to fight, we could name people in Coolgardie who could tell us all about it, but it will cost a good bit to prove the prospectus untrue. The "Corporation" you refer to is quite as unreliable, when it wants to puff its own wares, as Mr. Cottam.

MILITARY.—(1) We think badly of it. (2) No; either paid for directly, or by lavish advertisement. (3) Probably the concern has no prospects; it came from a wrong quarter. (4) We think this is a swindle. The people connected with it are "wrong 'uns."

FACTA.—Hold Coras; traffics are good, money is cheap, and, if you were a steady reader of our columns, you would know we think well of the stock.

NOVICE.—We will not advise for rises in the next ten days or even few weeks. Apply to some gambling tipster. We believe the West Australian Market will improve all round during the next six months, and even rubbish like the mine you hold would then probably rise. We would not touch the African thing you name in your second letter with the longest barge-pole.

T. P.—We see no reason to change our opinion of Menzies Golden Age Company. There can be very little to communicate until the machinery is on the ground. All mines are speculations, and, if you are so nervous, you should not speculate in them. The shares are dealt in freely, and, we believe, will rise with the first upward movement in West Australians, but, before this comes, we must have "results" from a few of the mines. If you were to write to the secretary he would give you the latest information in the directors' possession.

LONGFELLOW.—We have made inquiries of the mine which you asked us about, and which, we find, is situated on the Mulgrave Goldfield of Queensland. We never knew any good come out of that district, but, as you are in, you must see it out. The machinery, we are told, is ordered and on the way to the mine; the property is transferred to the company, and a settlement on the Stock Exchange will be applied for at once. If you can find anybody to buy your shares let him have them.

YANKES.—We can see nothing for you to do but hold your stocks, paying the assessments, and waiting for better times. We really think the bottom has come in American Rails. If the things were our own, we should certainly hold for a more favourable chance of getting out.

M. C. (Philadelphia).—We answered your letter on the 20th inst., and are sorry we could not give you useful information in return for your fee.